THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

TIME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sitting beside my loobel,
I envied not gods in the skies,
When, wheel'd by the sounding bell,
Lo! time appeared before our eyes.
Timid, as when by vulture spied,
The turtle dove looks with despair,
Pity, old man, my fair one cried;
Our love, for mercy's sake, spare!

When from his wrinkled brow with awe,
Downward our eyes we quickly cast,
Lo! at his rapid feet we saw,
The dust of all the ages past.
A new-blown flower we now divested,
Withered by him, faded and sere;
Pity, old man, my fair one cried;
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

Nothing on earth, or skies, or air,
Nothing I spare, which once I hold,
He answer'd with a voice austere;
As now, you've always known me old!
When of the past the veil's aside,
A few short days only appear;
Pity, old man, my fair one cried,—
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

A hundred nations which are gone,
Replac'd by hundreds which appear,
By me were sunk and overthrown;
With them you'll also disappear
For stars which flew in orbits wide,
With ease I blotted from their sphere;
Pity, old man, my fair one cried,—
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

Time flies, and while with join we go,
Pleasures also which cease can keep,
Seeing of life we fonder grow,
To hide his flight, lull us to sleep.
But hark! the hours which quickly glide,
Proclaim how short our pleasures are;
Pity, I cry, or my fair cried,—
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

BUBULCUS.

Original Tales.

HARRY BEAUMONT;
OR,
The Penny Guardian.

CONCLUDED

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning in musing over the events of the preceding evening he could not help admitting to himself that he had been led into paying Miss Fairley a degree of attention, which, to the superficial eye of the world, might be construed into proofs of preference, and which was very different from the plan of coldness and reserve which he had at first marked out to himself.

"So," thought he, "is it ever *homme propose et femme dispose*—but hereafter I will be more on my guard."

They continued to meet frequently through the winter, and Sophia's artful, though delicately veiled machinations were often successful, but then again the triumph would be on the side of Beaumont's cautious reserve.

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Early in the Spring Beaumont left Paris to commence his travels through Germany and Switzerland. The beautiful banks of the Rhine, their fine natural scenery allied to so much of the romance of history, presented an endless scope for admiration and reminiscences of the past—and Switzerland, with its wealth of wild scenery, its picture lakes, and its cloud capped glaciers was enjoyed with all the enthusiasm of a poetic mind, and its Alpine excursions, examined with the closeness of scientific research. We will not follow him step by step on his route—he lingered occasionally at some of the petty courts of Germany, an'd at the different places interesting from their associations, or from their natural beauty. At the beginning of winter he entered Italy—

"Fair Italy! The garden of the world—the home,
Of all art yields, and nature can decree!"

Modern tourists have made us so familiar with Italy, that the most untravelled among us are as conversant with the different routes, the palaces, churches, ruins, galleries, and with the very pictures and statues, as with the streets of their native towns. But its hallowed and classical soil is not to be further hackneyed by our unworthy pen, though Beaumont's full note book would furnish us more than one glowing description.

Beaumont wintered at Naples, and there, to his great surprise, encountered in the foreign crowd the ever charming Miss Fairley. Her parents had returned to America, but yielding to their daughter's urgent solicitations, had permitted her to accompany some friends who were about making a visit to Italy. The ponderous and devoted Sir John was no longer in her train, and his place was filled by a young German officer who was now acting the enthusiastic lover with a truly national earnestness.

As Beaumont fortunately had no acquaintance with the persons who composed Miss Fairley's party, he thought himself dispensed without incurring the charge of rudeness from paying her any particular civilities—and during their stay at Naples they seldom came in contact.

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Eight years of residence abroad had been passed ere he thought of returning home. But about that time he found that his presence was necessary, in order to effect certain important changes in his financial deposits. Besides this, another duty there claimed his attention. It was that of providing a future home for his young charge, Mary Dixon—for Beaumont could not help feeling that the seclusion and duties of a school room must soon become irksome to the gay spirits of "sweet sixteen." Madame F——'s quarterly bulletins had constantly assured him of her amiable disposition and of her proficiency in the different branches of her education. Still he dreaded that these accounts had been exaggerated, or that they might prove to be the indulgent opinion of a too partial instructress.

He arrived in New York, and several days elapsed ere he summoned resolution to make his visit to Madame F——'s.

Beaumont tried to persuade himself that the interruptions from the visits of friends and various preliminaries, incidental to a return home, had hitherto occasioned the postponement of this important visit. But the fact was, he had certain nervous and unaccountable misgivings, that made him dread an introduction to the young person whose fate depended so much upon him. It might be termed a first introduction, for she would now meet him as it were, under a new character. The simple, childlike creature had now expanded into the woman; and he felt that his title of guardian could no longer sit as lightly upon him but might possibly involve him in many annoyances and perplexities. Should this young creature be smitten with a love of excitement, and of the pleasures of society (and such a taste would only be natural to her years)—how was he to gratify it? Could he introduce into the fashionable circles in which he moved the unknown orphan? Was it likely that any of the aristocratic mamas of his acquaintance would be willing to chaperone this obscure young girl? He felt that this was a favor he could only ask of one, upon whom he had the claims of relationship—unfortunately he had none but very distant connections who lived in the South and whom he even did not personally know. Again he thought that he ought not to desire an oppertunity of introducing her into what is called the world—for to one in her position, mortification and insult would be then the inevitable doom—"Heaven grant," he mentally exclaimed, "that she may prove a diffident, unpretending girl, fond of country seclusion and quiet pursuits." Besides other perplexing considerations with regard to the future fate in life of this friendless young creature, there were torturing misgivings that her plebeian origin might have become developed in her growth, and now be evinced in the feelings, taste and appearance of the woman. For fancy, ingenious to torment, suggested that often in the lower classes of society, the pretty and delicate looking child afterwards spreads into the coarse and vulgar woman. Though hope occasionally whispered much about the refining power of education, the same tormenting spirit replied that it sometimes required more than one generation to efface all vestiges of an obscure and vulgar origin. His over-wrought imagination at last pictured the fair and gentle little Mary, transformed into the hoydenish, simpering girl with red hands and round shoulders. "Good Heavens, what would he do with her!"

All his refinement of taste and feeling, and his fastidiousness with regard to the female character, rose up in terror—and with the desperation of one resolved to know the worst, he seized his hat and started off to Madame F——'s.

Arrived at the house, the door was opened by a servant, who, in reply to his request to see Madame F——, informed him that the lady was out of health, and confined to her room—but would he wish to see one of the Governesses? Beaumont handed his card, and asked to see Miss Dixon. The servant, an untutored Hibernian lass, left him standing in the entry, while she went in search of the young lady, and Beaumont thought he might take the liberty of seating himself in the adjoining parlor. He opened the door and perceived a young lady bending over a harp; her back being turned towards him. The noise of the instrument and the accompanying voice deadened the slight sound he had made in entering, and as she quietly continued to sing and play, Beaumont became aware that his entrance had been unnoticed. He remained motionless, unwilling to put an interruption to his enjoyment in listening to a voice so highly cultivated and melodious; for even his fastidious ear, accustomed to European proficiency was struck by a touch and execution that evinced the performer capable of

"Unraveling all the chaine that tie,
The hidden soul of harmony."

The song over, the young lady in turning to adjust some leaves of music perceived Mr. Beaumont. With lady-like composure she rose from her seat, and with a graceful courtesy apologized for not having before observed that he was in the room, and begged to know whom he desired to see. But Beaumont was so taken by surprise at the vision of beauty now before him, that his wonted self-possession momentarily forsook him, and after a few broken sentences of apology for his unannounced entrance, he mentioned that he was waiting for Miss Dixon.

"*I* am she, sir."

Beaumont involuntarily started, his bewildered ideas depriving him for the instant of all command of language. But ere he recovered from his surprise the truth had flashed across Mary, and with an unaffected exclamation of delight, and a beaming countenance, she seized his hand, saying, "Dear Mr. Beaumont, is it possible that you do not know me?" And then, as if alarmed at her own warmth, and struck by Beaumont's uncertain and hesitating manner, a rapid blush overspread her face, and she stopped short in an unfinished sentence. But Beaumont, recovering from his first surprise, and perceiving her misinterpretation of his silence, gently drew her towards him and slightly pressed his lips upon the bright chesnut ringlets that shaded her face.

"Dear Mary! I cannot express how happy I am at seeing you again—and seeing you looking thus,"—and his admiring eyes reviled again upon her bright and blushing face.

"You must find me very much grown—and indeed, Mr. Beaumont, you too are somewhat altered, for I did not immediately recognise you—but the moment that you spoke, I knew the voice. Oh! how have I longed to hear it again—ever since increase of reason has enabled me to appreciate all your kindness, how my heart has yearned to thank you, my generous benefactor, for all I owe to you—to express something of my grateful feelings!"

"My dear Mary, I have one favor to ask of you—it is, that you never pain me by mentioning the word *gratitude* between us. Think of me as an elder brother, whose duty it was to provide for a dear younger sister."

"Well, since you wish it so, I promise to banish the word from my lips, but never can the feeling be effaced from my heart—but tell me, when did you return, I want to know the precise day, to chronicle it among my most precious dates!"

Their conversation then branched off to various subjects, Beaumont giving her fragments of his travels in answer to her various inquiries with regard to the different countries he had visited. And she in return, related all he wished to hear of these last eight years of her simple and uneventful history. She spoke of Madame F——'s unvarying kindness to her. She told him that the desire of surprising him by her improvement had been the never failing spur to all her studies. She told him also, that she had often wished to write to him, but had been checked by the recollection that he had never expressed the wish to hear directly from her. And so they passed from one topic to another, and when Beaumont rose to take his leave, he was surprised to find to what a late hour in the day, this much dreaded visit had been prolonged.

Weeks rolled by, and Beaumont was a daily visitor at Madame F——'s. He often read to Mary whilst she was occupied with her needle or her pencil. She no longer followed the regular routine of school duties, but for the last year had been allowed her own quiet hours for reading, practising, &c. Though the wish to render herself useful occasionally prompted her to assist the governesses in their duties of teaching.

Though Mary looked up to Beaumont as to a being endowed with all that was most noble and most excellent, and gave to him all the respect and gratitude due to a benefactor, she at the same time evinced towards him all the unreservedness and affection of a sister for a brother. Beaumont never attempted an analysis of his feelings; she was his first object in life—how could it be otherwise?—he had nothing nearer or dearer to care for. He admired her beauty, her talents, her girlish freshness of mind, her simplicity and purity of heart, and felt that after his long intercourse with the heartless and artificial beings of the world, that his very nature was refreshed and renovated by the influence of her society. On one occasion Mary questioned Beaumont with regard to her parentage, and by what chance he had become her guardian and protector. Madame F——, she said, had always silenced these questions by repeating "that she could tell her nothing upon the subject." Beaumont appeared embarrassed and annoyed and tried to parry the question—and Mary, with the quickness of womanly tact dropped the subject, though her curiosity was now doubly excited by this appearance of mystery. She supposed that it might be connected with events painful for him to recal; and therefore she generously resolved within herself never again to cloud his brow by an allusion to it, and trust that he would hereafter of his own accord give her some particulars upon this interesting subject.

Several months passed by in uninterrupted, quiet happiness. Beaumont had now an occupation in watching the development of the rich mental gifts of one, whom it was delight to remember lessned so entirely upon him. His playful criticisms and judicious remarks, guided her taste and directed her improvement in all her different pursuits. At his approach, her eye brightened, and her whole countenance proclaimed the fascination of his presence. Mary had a heart overflowing with warm and feminine affections, hitherto they had found but little vent, for Madame F——, though always kind to the gentle orphan, was much engrossed by her various duties, and all her demonstrations of tenderness were restricted to her own daughters. Mary, therefore, had never been (at least since she recollected) an object of particular affection and solicitude to any one. She had friends among her young companions whom she loved ardently, and they, in return, lavished upon her, every mark of girlish preference. But when the time for returning home approached, poor Mary would find that the regret at leaving her, was ever trifling compared to the joy of again meeting the beloved parent, brother, or sister. At those times she would feel the loneliness of her orphan lot, and mourn that she was without those dear ties upon which to pour forth the gushing tenderness of her heart. Often then would the remembrance of her kind protector come coupled with the hope that hereafter she might have it in her power to perform all those little attentions and affectionate duties with which the child and sister may sweeten the home of a kind guardian. Beaumont's interest in all her pursuits, his brotherly kindness and affection, and his evident pleasure in society, had a new fascination for one who hitherto had been comparatively so unnoticed—and all the rich treasures of a heart replete with every feminine affection and gentle virtue, were now lavished upon him.

One day Madame F—— begged to detain him for a few minutes of private conversation. She commenced it by telling him she had long been expecting to receive from him some intimation of his future plans with regard to Miss Dixon, but as he had appeared satisfied in prolonging the residence of his young ward under her roof, she had not felt it her duty to enquire into his further plans, inasmuch as her affectionate feelings towards Mary and her respect and friendship for himself, had made the present arrangement in every way gratifying to herself. But now that establishment was about to be broken up—her health being exceedingly delicate and her daughter's education being now complete, she had decided upon returning to France, and enjoying in the bosom of her family the little income which the economy and labor of years had enabled her to lay by. Beaumont had long anticipated (and dreaded) some explanation with regard to his future plans for Mary, but unwilling to interrupt his present tranquil happiness had invariably postponed not only any decision upon the subject, but even an examination into his personal feelings towards her. He had, therefore, no ready answer for Madame F——, but after expressing the loss it would be to Mary to be deprived of her kind protector, he told her he would lose no time in forming some plan for providing Mary with another home, which he hoped when matured would receive Madame F——'s approval. But now there was no hesitation with Beaumont—his former affectionate regard for the interesting young orphan had become a feeling of strong and devoted love—by every token that the heart could require she was now his idol—for had not her presence now become his *all* of happiness, and the idea of being separated from her the severest trial that imagination could suggest. But the more he felt convinced that the happiness of his life was now centred in her, the more he dreaded lest Mary's feelings when put to the test should prove only those of affection and gratitude. If he had been cherishing a vain delusion, its duration had been one of sunshine, and he shuddered at the very idea of seeing it destroyed forever. But the time had come when he must meet his fate. *The world* he knew would ridicule his choice and condemn his taste in selecting a poor unknown girl for his wife. "But," thought he, "how immeasurably superior is she to those heartless superficial women with whom freshness of feeling and simplicity of taste is early exchanged for worldly wisdom, and the artificial attractions of the *fashionable belle*." But apart from these convictions, his was not the spirit to bow subserviently to the arbitrary decisions of what is called *the* world—most especially upon a subject implicating his happiness. Beaumont had wealth and personal advantages that many might envy, but he was lonely—he yearned for the soft enjoyments of a *home*, and when fancy sketched its future mistress, the lovely image was always Mary!

The faltering confession was at length poured forth—and Mary with blushing embarrassment acknowledged that he had long possessed every feeling of her heart—all it knew of affection, gratitude and—*love*. They were engaged, and if a feeling that has only reference to earth may be called pure and perfect, it was their love. There was no necessity for deferring the marriage, and it was therefore to take place immediately after Beaumont's return from the south, whither he was shortly to go for the purpose of settling some business matters.

About this time a ball was to take place at one of the public saloons which was expected to be a very splendid affair. All the beauty, fashion and distinction that the town could boast of was to attend it. The managers were all gentlemen; and taste and luxury presided over every detail in the arrangements. Beaumont's engagement with Mary having now got abroad, some of his friends out of compliment to him sent her an invitation. Mary's hitherto repressed spirits had burst forth under the genial influence of love and happiness, and this first invitation to a *ball* was hailed with all the enthusiasm of girlish delight. Beaumont could not think of disappointing her, and having obtained Madame F——'s consent to chaperone her thither, he saw no objection to her going. In fact the opportunity he thought was a good one for Mary to see and know something of that gay world, in which, as his wife, she was soon to mix. Besides he imagined that the sarcasms of those who only knew of her by the obscurity of her origin, would be converted into admiration of her beauty, grace and loveliness—and so with some it was. Many of those who had heard of Beaumont's intended connection with a contemptuous shrug accompanied with the exclamation of "what a pity it was that such a fine fellow should so throw himself away," remarked that night in audible whispers, "Lucky dog, that Beaumont, to find such a perfect Hebe."

The important evening arrived. Beaumont's practiced eye had regulated Mary's "*costume de bal*," which was perfect in tasteful simplicity. Her natural beauty was heightened by the glow of pleasure, and a subdued murmur of admiration followed her entrance into the room. The most distinguished beauty sought an introduction to the new beauty. The exhilirating effect of dancing, the brilliancy of the scene, and the inspiring strains of the orchestra made her fully realize all her anticipations of enjoyment. Such was the effect viewed through the rose colored medium of happiness! A few minutes more and how differently were the same sights and sounds to affect her! The dazzling effulgence of lights and jewels became a hideous glare, and the music and voices around discordant, agonising sounds—so true it is that "Joy is but a flower," and poor Mary's was to be nipped ere the close of a short-lived ball. But whose happiness is secure in flinging their poisoned shafts around? In the gay a world where envy and all unkindness are ever crowd of that evening moved Sophia Fairley. She had run the gauntlet of coquetry, and her power was at an end. She had been what is expressively called "found out;" and the *prestige* of youth and beauty fading away, she found herself ranking among the *wall flowers* of the ball-room. She still, however, cherished the hope of one day conquering the systematic coldness of her *ci-devant* lover. But Mary's appearance that evening *confirmed* the long doubted rumor of his engagement, and her rival's beauty and youth added wormwood to Sophia's feelings of rage and disappointment. The evening had nearly drawn to a close, when Mary, feeling fatigued from dancing, had requested her partner to lead her to a seat. Whilst he had left her for a few minutes to procure her some refreshments, her ear caught the sound of Beaumont's name. It arrested her attention—the speakers stood a few steps in front of her.

"Well, I confess I should not have thought Mr. Beaumont the kind of man to have been caught by the superficial attractions of mere youth and beauty."

"By no means. There is no man more *exigeant* with regard to the more worldly qualifications of a knowledge of the usages of society, good birth, &c. And besides I know that his affections were (and are) placed upon a very different person from the pretty little doll he has brought here this evening."

"How then do you account for his marrying her?"

"Thereby hangs a tale—but I can tell you all about it—Mr. Beaumont is about to sacrifice his happiness to what he considers a *point of honor*. This girl when quite young was accidentally found by him in some hovel of vice and misery. She had neither parents or friends, and her destitute state excited his compassion. He had her educated, and provided for her in every way. When he returned from Europe he found, after he had been in the habit of paying her friendly visits, that some not comprehending the disinterested kindness that prompted his attentions to a friendless little school girl, had circulated injurious reports with regard to the nature of his connection—and with his high chivalrous ideas he determined to repair the unintentional injury to her fame by marrying her."

"Very noble of him, indeed," answered her companion, "and it is to be hoped that his future happiness will be the reward of his present generosity."

"I am afraid not—it is in every way an ill-assorted match. But he has that determination of purpose which will carry him through anything. *Pride* will teach him to put the best face upon the matter, and none but a few that know his history as *I* do, will suppose him otherwise than perfectly satisfied in his choice."

Such was the conversation overheard by Mary—but how can we describe the blighting influence of those cruel words! At first the very coils of her brain and heart seemed so tightened as to preclude the very power of thinking or feeling. Then all the events of the last few happy months swam before her eyes, mingling in chaotic confusion with the noise and glare of the scene around her: at last all consciousness deserted her, and she fainted. When she opened her eyes, Beaumont and Madame F—— were hanging over her in one of the dressing rooms. They attributed her indisposition to the heat of the room and to the unusual fatigue of dancing, to which she tacitly acquiesced, too glad to escape the necessity of any explanation.

How often has it been said that there are moments of life which are worth to live years. Moments of such intense excitement, agony and desperation as to force into existence an energy, a decision of character and a maturity of thought hitherto unknown. Such was the effect produced upon Mary. At first her mind was so stunned that she could think of nothing distinctly, but her fatigue serving as an excuse for her silence and languor, she gained the seclusion of her own room without committing herself.

When alone and in the stillness of night, she went over and over again all that she had heard; and the more she dwelt upon it the more to her disinterested fancy, did the late circumstances of her life, and Beaumont's mysterious silence with regard to her early history, appear to corroborate the truth of this unexpected and most painful disclosure. And amongst the various torturing reflections it produced, that, which most completely crushed the heart was, that the deep love she had so lavished upon him and had so fondly and confidingly deemed returned, had only received the pitying kindness of a noble heart, that to secure her happiness would have sacrificed its own.

"No, dear, dear Beaumont, to you I have owed all that has hitherto blessed me, but this sacrifice my womanly pride rejects. I will no longer be an incumbrance. I will provide for myself a home, a name, a support, and you will then be free to bind yourself with another." But why attempt to trace her mental struggle through all its stages! Words can but faintly disclose her dreadful agony. Peace came at last—it had been implored on bended knee and in fervent communings with One "who dries the mourner's tears." Now quieted and soothed, and her decision made, she at length turned to her pillow, but the gray shades of morning had tinged the sky ere she enjoyed the sweets of oblivion in sleep.

In a day or two Beaumont was to depart for the south. How she had dreaded the temporary separation—and now she must rejoice at a circumstance that so materially facilitated the execution of her plans. Among her former school friends there was one by the name of Catharine Fielding with whom she had been most intimate. This young lady had come from her home in New England to pass two years at Madame F——'s to improve herself in French and music with the view of capacitating herself for the situation of teacher. Catharine was a few years older than Mary, and had a great deal of that independence of mind and straight-forward, useful sense for which the women of New England are in general remarkable. Her duties she always viewed in the clearest and most matter of fact light, and neither her opinions or her conduct were ever for an instant biassed by the colorings of romance or the conventionalities of artificial refinement. At the time of which we speak Catharine had a situation as teacher in one of the remote villages of Massachusetts. Her parents were both dead, and Mary felt such confidence in Catharine's power of surmounting difficulties and providing for every emergency, that she was quite satisfied that could she but gain her friend, her active energetic mind would devise some plan for her future maintenance. Though aware that Catharine was her superior in the scientific and more solid branches of education, yet in her knowledge of French and music she, on the other side, had the advantage; and to these accomplishments she now looked for the means of future support.

And now poor Mary, who had all her life been as little troubled by calculations of *dollars* and *cents* as any heroine of a Radcliffe romance, actually commenced conjecturing what her yearly expenses would be, and what sum so many scholars at so much a lesson would furnish. All these calculations were of course vague—but she was certain upon one point—that her plan was a feasible one.

Her thoughts were now fixed upon one subject—viz: how this *first step of joining* her friends was to be accomplished. To Madame F—— of course she could neither look for assistance or counsel in this trying emergency. She knew that her plans would be at once opposed by her, and communicated to Beaumont—and *his* ignorance of her intentions till their final execution, she felt to be most important.

But it was her last interview with Beaumont before he started on his southern visit, that almost vanquished her lately formed opinions, and came well nigh overturning all her high wrought indignation and her heroic decisions. Dreadful was the struggle against the momentary weakness which his tenderness of manner again awakened. But when he had left, her fatal delusion again returned as strongly as ever—and her last and greatest trial over, her determination of purpose was no longer to be shaken. To Catharine she had written, giving the history of her acquaintance with Beaumont, her late engagement, and then the awful disclosures that had so strangely and unexpectedly come to her knowledge and given a cruel blow to all her prospects of happiness. She begged her friend to feel for her, and assist her in her intentions of becoming independant of a protection that now seemed to have entangled the happiness of another. She also reminded her friend of her ignorance of every thing relating to travelling, and how unfitted she was from the seclusion in which she had been reared, to face the difficulties and annoyances of an unprotected journey. Catharine, she hoped, would suggest some means of conquering these obstacles. An immediate answer had been entreated, and was received. Catharine wrote in great haste that no delay might ensue. Her letter expressed all the sympathy of sincerest affection. Mary's reasonings had seemed so plausible that the truth of her views was never doubted, and the plan of providing a home for herself by her own exertions seemed the only thing that a noble-minded woman so circumstanced could do. From the difficulty of travelling alone, Catharine fortunately could relieve her. She informed her of the day on which an elderly female acquaintance of hers was to leave New York. She was writing to this person by the same opportunity, begging her to take charge of a young friend of hers by the name of Mary Jones, (the name Mary had mentioned in her letter that, to prevent being traced, she intended to assume.) That this lady being accustomed to travel alone for the profit of some establishment to which she belonged would be competent to protect Mary, and to attend to all the details of the journey. She was to leave New York for Providence, thence to proceed to the town of ——, where Catharine promised to join her and accompany her on to her present home.

Mary had a purse of money which Beaumont had given her, through Madame F——, in order to gratify her taste in the renewal of her wardrobe, preparatory to her marriage. From this purse she now reluctantly took a small sum, merely what she considered sufficient to defray her expenses until she could obtain some situation that would enable her to provide for herself—this, with a few precious memorials of her days of happiness, some prized and choice volumes and the most useful part of her wardrobe, she placed in a trunk. The day before her intended departure she contrived to see a man who was often employed by Madame F—— in little out-of-doors duties, and who regularly acted as porter on the occasion of departures from the house—after promising to pay him well if he would obey her directions she requested him to be at the door the next morning to get her trunk, and to have a hack at the corner of the street in time to take her to the Providence boat.

The decisive morning arrived—the removal of her luggage was quietly effected at that early hour without attracting observation—and our trembling heroine, closely veiled and in a simple dress, found herself on board the steamboat bound for Providence. From the description Catharine had given her, she found no difficulty in recognizing her travelling companion; and her kind and unobtrusive protection was exchanged at the town of ——, for the affectionate greetings of her friend Catharine.

Mary had left two letters behind her—one was an affectionate farewell to Madame F——, thanking her for years of kindness, begging her not to judge her harshly for the step she had taken, but that it was the only plan her agonized mind could suggest for escaping from the difficulties of her present position. She then related all that had come to her knowledge, and expressed her conviction of Beaumont's self-sacrificing spirit being equal to any effort, any devotedness, and that his offer to marry her had entirely originated in pity of her friendless situation and his wish to justify her fame. She further told Madame F—— that she had taken precautions to conceal her future destination, that she had assumed another name—and that being *resolved* upon her present purpose, it would be quite unavailing to make any efforts to trace her, or to hope to induce her to recede from her present determination. But to relieve Madame F—— s mind upon the score of her personal safety, she told her that she had female protectors to countenance her movements, and that she would soon write again to inform her of her safe arrival at the place of destination.

Her letter to Beaumont was as follows:

"My benefactor, guardian, friend! How shall I address you? how tell you that I now write to bid you *farewell*? But so it is, dear, *too* dear Beaumont, and perhaps your generous heart already suggests what has prompted me to this step—but do not think that I come to reproach you with the crushed and blighted heart with which I now commence life's weary pilgrimage—oh no! mine was the false delusion of believing that you could see in one so lowly, anything worthy of the distinction of your love. Mine was the wild presumption, in consenting to become the wife of one so immeasurably my superior in every good and noble gift! But, dear Beaumont, was it not a cruel kindness to change all my girlish affection, all my warm gratitude into what must now become my greatest torture—an *unrequited love*? Had you not added to years of kindness and protection the fatal tenderness that misled me, I would never have had this bright wild dream of love—I would have been spared its present bitter awakening. Had you treated me only as the child of your bounty, and led me prepare to take my place among strangers and earn an honorable independence, we would both have escaped the world's cruel slanders. In reparation of this, you had generously determined to make the sacrifice of your own happiness. Friendless and poor, you would have saved me from the world's cold neglect and scorn by giving me a title to your home. From my heart let me thank you for your noble disinterestedness—but can *I* show less? No! Beaumont—you are now free to make your heart's choice, untrammelled by pitying regard for the destitute orphan. You hoped by the tenderest and most unremitting devotion to blind me to the belief that the pure deep love I was lavishing upon you was reciprocated—but you forgot that there were others who knew the fatal truth—who might be less guarded, and from whom I might learn that *pity* and *compassion*, not *love*, had rivetted the link. You will ask, when and where did I gather this knowledge. In that gay ball-room. Do you not recall how sad and drooping I remained after that night? But, I cannot trust myself to repeat again the details of that conversation—every word of which is seared upon my heart. To Madame F—— I have written them, together with my plans for the future; from her you will know all. But Beaumont, I implore you, I adjure you not to seek to follow me. Grant me the soothing influence of time and absence; with their aid, and that of holy prayer, I hope to uproot those feelings of tenderness which maiden pride must now condemn. But time nor absence can ever efface the recollection of your kindness, gentleness, and generosity. Hereafter, when I shall have obtained that disengagement and serenity of heart and mind, —which I will daily implore on bended knee—and when you will have chosen another to adorn and bless your home, we may meet—until then, dear Beaumont, farewell!"

We will not attempt a description of Beaumont's agony, when Mary's letter, enclosed in one from Madame F——, reached him. He had no difficulty in tracing the conversation with its artfully combined falsehoods, to Sophia Fairley—in fact nearly the same story had been repeated to him before, as having originated with her—but never supposing that it would reach Mary's ears, he had treated it with contempt and indifference.

Mary a promise of letting her anxious friends hear of her final safety, was redeemed. A week after she left home, a letter was put in the New York office, (that no post mark might trace her to her new home,) informing Madame F—— that she was well, among kind friends, and in a fair way of getting on from her own exertions. Shortly after the receipt of this, Madame F—— sailed for Europe.

* * * * * *

It was a glorious afternoon in the month of September. The Summer had been spent by Beaumont in fruitless wanderings through the busy towns and smiling villages of New England. His heart's dearest treasure, his cherished Mary, he knew had chosen some spot in it for her home, and now he lived but in the hope of again joining her. Could he but meet her, how eloquently would he plead in the name of that love she had so strangely doubted! How soon would he prove to her that all she had hitherto owed to *him*, was nothing compared to the great boon of happiness it was in her power to bestow upon him; how earnestly would he urge, that mental attractions and loveliness like hers leveled all distinctions of birth and fortune.

He had been passing a few days in the rural and venerable looking town of ——, and in the afternoon above mentioned, was sauntering through a shady lane in the outskirts of the town, when a party of school-girls, attended by a few matrons, turned suddenly from an adjoining meadow into the lane. Beaumont stood aside to let the merry procession pass by. But, good heavens! that voice! that face! 'tis Mary!

* * * * * *

A week has elapsed—only a week—(but railroads and steamboats have almost fulfilled the lover's wish of annihilating time and space,) and the youthful blooming teacher has exchanged the rough desks and wooden benches of a school-room, for the elegance and comforts of her *bridal home*.

"And now, my little wife," said the fond husband, as he playfully encircled her waist, "when you next attempt to run away from me, I shall—" There is no saying what awful threat might not have followed, had not Mary's dimpled hand been instantly pressed upon his lips to arrest its utterance.

Original Song.

TO EMMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORIO.

When first unto the morning light
I ope my eyes, with spirit free
And joyful from the rest of night—
I think of thee!

And as the hours speed on space,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
In sportive or in stormy race—
I think of thee!

And when I lay me down to rest,
Ere busy thoughts and passions flee
Like fading sunshine in the west—
I think of thee!

When the mouse spirit in my heart,
Touches its chords with hand of glee,
Till joyful music from them start—
I think of thee!

Yes, as he sings the coming day,
When life shall blessed Eden be,
With a fair form to cheer my way—
I think of thee!

Thus ever in the happy time,
When beats my life-blood merrily,
Or when it tells a mournful chime—
I think of thee!

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTY-FOUR.

FLORENCE — PALACE OF THE GRAND DUKE — GALLERY — PAINTINGS OF TITIAN, RAPHAEL, SALVATOR ROSA, &c.—VENUS OF CANOVA—THE BOBOLI GARDENS—CHILDREN.

Florence, September 21, 1845.

In that part of the city on the south bank of the Arno, is the palace of the Grand Duke, known by the name of the Pallazzo Pitti, from a Florentine noble of that name by whom it was first built. It is a very large, imposing pile, and in spite of the rough, heavy stones of which it is built, and its plain style, preserves an air of lightness. Its front, of great length, is formed of three terraces, the upper one being smaller than the other two. The windows have not been finished according to the original plan, which mars greatly the effect of the whole. It is another example of a magnificent failure. The Marquis Strozzi, having built a palace which was universally admired for its beauty, (which stands yet, a model of chaste and massive elegance) his rival, the Marquis Pitti, made the proud boast that he would build a palace, in the court-yard of which could be placed that of Strozzi. These are actually the dimensions of the court-yard; but in building the palace, although he was liberally assisted by the Florentine people, he ruined himself, and his magnificent residence passed into other hands, while that of Strozzi is inhabited by his descendants to this very day.

The gallery of the Palazzo Pitti is one of the finest in Europe. It contains six or seven hundred paintings, selected from the best works of the Italian masters. These are kept in splendid halls with glorious frescoed ceilings, with plaster figures by Michael Angelo, around the cornices. By the praiseworthy liberality of the Duke, they are open six hours every day to the public, and the rooms are always full of artists of all nations.

Among Titian's works, there is his celebrated "Bella," a half length figure of a young woman. It is a masterpiece of warm and brilliant coloring, without any decided expression. The countenance is that of vague, undefined thought, as of one who knew as yet nothing of the realities of life. In another room is his Magdalen, a large, voluptuous form, with her brown hair falling like a veil over her shoulders and breast, and in her up-turned countenance one can read sooner a prayer for an absent lover than repentance for sins she has committed.

What could excel in beauty the *Madonna della Sedia* of Raphael! It is another of those works of that divine artist, on which we gaze and gaze with a never-tiring enjoyment of its angelic beauty. To my eye it is faultless; I could not wish a single outline of form, a single shade of color changed. Like his unrivalled Madonna in the Dresden Gallery, its beauty is spiritual as well as earthly; and while gazing on the glorious countenance of the Jesus-child, I feel an impulse I can hardly account for—a longing to tear it from the canvass as if it were a breathing form, and clasp it to my heart in a glow of passionate love. What a sublime inspiration Raphael must have felt when he painted it! Judging from its effect on a stranger, I can conceive of no loftier mental excitement than that required to create it. There is also here another of his Holy Families, in a most excellent state of preservation. It would be a noble work anywhere but by the side of his Madonna.

His portrait of Pope Leo X., with two cardinals, is very celebrated, and is doubtless a splendid specimen of drawing and coloring, as well as a valuable portrait, but it is not a picture upon which the eye of any one but a painter would rest with pleasure. The features of Leo are heavy, bloated and cold, and those of the cardinals ignorant and unprepossessing. Far different is the portrait of Cardinal Bentioglio, by Vandyck, perhaps one of the finest portraits ever painted. The head is full of noble benevolence and dignity, and the attitude, especially the arms and hands, in the painting of which Vandyck particularly excelled, full of grace.

Here are also some of the finest and best preserved pictures of Salvator Rosa, and his portrait, a wild head, full of spirit and genius. In some several landscapes in his savage and stormy style, there are two large sea views, in which the atmosphere is of a deep and exquisite softness, without impairing the strength and boldness of the composition. "A Battle Scene," by him, is terrible. Hundreds of combatants are met in the shock and struggle of conflict. Horses, mailed knights, vassals are mixed together in wild confusion, banners waving and lances flashing amid the dust and smoke, while the wounded and dying are trod under foot in darkness and blood. I now first begin to comprehend the power and sublimity of his genius. From the wildness and gloom of his pictures, he might almost be called the Byron of painters.

In one room there are two beautiful Madonnas, by Murillo, exceedingly spiritual and lovely, and a remarkable picture by Allori, of "Judith with the head of Holofernes." The lofty countenance of Judith is a fine study—it expresses a spirit worked up to the highest degree of resolve for the deed she has just committed, the anger and revenge which prompted her to it, still combating with her maiden innocence and horror of the crime. There are a great many paintings by Cigoli and Fra Bartolomeo, artists of whom I had scarcely heard of before, but who seem to have attained a high degree of excellence in the art.

There is a small group of the "Fates," by Michael Angelo, one of the best of the few pictures which remain of him. As is well known, he dis liked the art, saying it was only fit for women. This picture shows, however, how much higher he might have gone, had he been so inclined. The three weird sisters are ghostly and awful—the one who stands behind holding the distaff almost frightful. She who stands ready to cut the thread as it is spun out, seems to have a slight trace of pity on her fixed and unearthly lineaments. It is a faithful embodiment of the old Greek idea of the "Fates," but I have wondered why some artist has not attempted the subject in a different way. In the Northern Mythology they are represented as wild maidens, armed with swords and mounted on fiery coursers. Why might they not be pictured as angels, with countenances of a sublime and mysterious beauty—one all radiant with hope and promise of glory, and one with the token of a better future mingled with the sadness with which it severed the links of life?

There are many, many other splendid works in this collection, but it is impossible, and in fact, unnecessary to mention them. I have only endeavored, by taking a few of the best known, to give you some idea of them as they appear to me. There are hundred of pictures here, which though gems in themselves, are by masters who are rarely heard of in America, and it would interest you little to go through the Gallery, describing it guide-book fashion. And indeed to describe galleries, however rich and renowned they may be, is in general a work of so much difficulty, that I know not whether the writer or the reader is made most tired by it.

This collection possesses also the celebrated statue of Venus, by Canova. She stands in the centre of a little apartment, filled with the most delicate and graceful works of painting. Although undoubtedly a figure of great beauty, it by no means struck me as possessing that exquisite and classic perfection which has been ascribed to it. The Venus de Medici far surpassed it. The head is larger in proportion to the size of the body, than that of the latter, but has not the same modest, vir

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☞ DANIEL JOHNSON, Esq., is Agent for this paper in Fayetteville, N. C., and vicinity. my 16 2t

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who have not paid their subscriptions to this paper:

Of Thos. J. Blackwell, late of Livingston, Alabama.
Of Dr. Jos. B. Dunlap, late of Stillwater, New Jersey.
Of Geo. P. Spangler, late of Strasburg, Virginia.
Of Geo. Kenyon, late of Canandaigua, New York.
Of Dr. E. Cook, late of Fort Towson, Arkansas.
Of Dr. Jos. S. Supple, late of Bend Fort, Alabama.
Of Jas. F. Clayton, late of do. do.
Of C. E. Patterson, late of do. do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many poems that are inadmissible on account of their length. Those or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

The Invocation to Death is received, with many thanks to E. E. It is a charming little piece.

Lines to H. M. for his fine poem, which has no other fault than the one we speak of above. The pamphlet was unfortunately overlooked, but we have since found it, and of course shall comply with his request.

Matilda de Lacey is accepted. If the fair author would re-write her pieces once or twice, she might correct many errors which now deform them. We should be pleased to examine the other tale she speaks of.

Leaving the First Canto is not without its good points, and were it half the length, we should be tempted to accept it—but a tale that occupies five or six columns of our paper, ought to be very good and well sustained throughout. Does the author object to our holding it for future consideration, or shall we return it to her?

The Zephyr's Song, is accepted.

Lenore, by C. I. B, we must respectfully decline. One very good stanza, however, we may hereafter publish, if the writer has no objection.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We conclude to-day *Harry Beaumont, or The Young Guardian*, which our readers will, no doubt, agree with us in pronouncing a very interesting tale. We would also call attention to a translation from the admirable French poet Beranger, one of the most spirited translations that we have ever seen. The author seems to have caught the very spirit of the original.

Our readers will also perceive that we have added to the usual variety of good things on the fourth page, a Flower and a Culinary Department. *Excelsior* is our motto.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"Those that cultivate the earth are the chosen people of God, if he ever had a chosen people distinguished for integrity and genuine virtue."

In language of this kind did the illustrious author of the Declaration of American Independence express his opinion of the ennobling tendency of agricultural pursuits upon the mental and moral character of those engaged in them. And while his expressions may perhaps be considered by some rather too strong, we think it can easily be shown that the idea he meant to convey is by no means unwarranted by the truth.

It has often been remarked that a very large proportion of the distinguished men of our nation have come from the country; using this word in contradistinction to the town. But the statement of this fact has generally been answered by an allusion to the much smaller population of the various towns and cities in the land, and an assertion that they had produced their full share in proportion to numbers, of illustrious names. But without going into the facts of the case, which on the end would prove but little, for such is the constant intermixture of the two classes of population, that the evidence obtained could not be relied upon, we shall proceed to offer a few reasons why a residence in the country should be more promotive of moral and intellectual greatness.

We do not mean, however, to assert that a country is preferable to a city life in everything that relates to the improvement of the mind. We think far differently. The bustle of a large city, the hundreds of new objects that are daily crowding upon the attention, the hurry of active business, where twenty things must be thought of and nearly said at once, all tend to promote great quickness and readiness of mind. And the activity of the mental faculties in most certainly a thing to be desired, if it be not purchased by the sacrifice of more important qualities. But we are afraid that such is too often the case—the citizen becomes quick and ready, he has "all his wits about him," to use a common phrase, but he has acquired also a great tendency to merely skim over the surface of things—he thinks he has not time to look deeper—in one word he has become superficial. In accordance with this, he is always self-possessed, and ready to converse and offer his opinion upon nearly any subject whatever. He glances rapidly over the newspaper in the morning, catches a few ideas, as it were, out of the current of thought by the heat of their heads, and then in the glare and excitement of a city, he has no time to ponder deeply over any of the mysteries of the material or the spiritual world.

On the other hand how different is it with the farmer, or any other dweller in the open country. His life is calm and tranquil. He has not such a constant succession of *images* flashing continually before his eyes, and therefore he is able to give those that do come a more attentive and thorough examination. He has time for thought. His ears are not always filled with rumors nor his heart with excitement. He is, perhaps, neither ready nor quick; his mind, when it turns a question, may not spring at once to the answer, but he has gained what is at far more importance. He has acquired a habit of looking below the surface of things into the depths of nature and the human soul. His mind has been insensibly moulded by the calm but grand scenes that daily surround it. He may not note, as he passes musing along, the song of the bird or the vastness of the heavens, but that nobody and that grandeur have entered into his soul.

For it is a great mistake to think, as some appear to, that the scenes that surround us, exert no influence, after a time, upon us, because we become so accustomed to them that we are seemingly unconscious of their presence. That this is not the case, is proven by the fact that if those scenes alter in the least, we immediately notice it. The farmer in his fields may not be conscious of listening to the songs of the birds around him, but let those songs suddenly cease, and he would at once remark it. He may not appear to be aware that the sky above his head is blue, and the air balmy, but let a single black cloud rear its form above the horizon of the west, or the first gusty breeze blow over his face, and he is alive to the alteration. But if he is conscious of the change, he must have been conscious of what had preceded it, or else he would not have known that it was a change. This proves, therefore, that even while men are, in one sense, unaware of it, surrounding objects do continually exert an influence over their minds.

Looking at the subject before us in this light, who can doubt that those who dwell amid the works of God, even within the great temple of nature itself, are placed in more favorable circumstances than those who are so surrounded by the works of man, that the hand of *Art* becomes a veil between the soul and its Creator?

But, even while we say this, we are aware that we have not fully stated the cause of the town. We are conscious that it was within the walls of cities that the flame of liberty, which had been well nigh trampled out by feudal tyranny, began once more to blaze. We acknowledge that, with much that is corrupting, there flows from such continual commerce of man with man, a tide of courtesy and gentleness over the whole land. We cannot forget the munificence that distinguishes the merchant princes of many a fair mart of commerce, and the numerous refuges that have been reared for the unfortunate, in other cities as well as in our own. And yet, while acknowledging all this, we still adhere in the main, to what has been above advanced, and cannot help exclaiming with the poet:

"God made the country, and man made the town."

LAMENTABLE SHIPWRECK.

Loss of a Swedish Corvette—One hundred and Fourteen Lives lost!—On Sunday night the barque Swan, Capt. Snell, arrived in port from New Orleans, having on board seventeen persons, picked up at sea, about four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, the 2d of May. These unfortunate creatures were a portion of the crew of the Swedish corvette Carlscrona, commanded by G. J. Klint, Esq., which was upset by a squall on the 2d inst., when about twenty-five miles north of Matanzas. When the squall struck the vessel, she was thrown upon her beam ends, and the guns breaking away from their fastenings, crossed the deck upon their carriages, and in this manner caused her to turn bottom upwards, and in a few awful moments she sank below the surface, leaving nothing for the one hundred and thirty-one men composing her crew to cling to for safety but a few floating spars and the long boat, which was also thrown bottom upwards. The scene at this moment was one of indescribable horror, but of short duration, as the most of the crew, including the captain, were carried down in the vortex created by the sinking of the vessel, without the power to make an effort for self-preservation.

Of the one hundred and thirty one human beings who, a few short minutes before, were all life and gaiety, in the prospect of a speedy return to their homes, from which they have been absent about nine months, none were left to describe the horrors which attended this sudden calamity, save the seventeen who were able to clutch hold of the long boat, and with but this support to sustain themselves in the water, they remained for about thirty hours, exposed to the buffeting of the waves and scorching sun, without a morsel to eat or a drop of water to allay their thirst. While in this situation the barque Swan hove in sight, and being attracted to the spot by seeing some object in the distance, which was at first thought to be a piratical craft, the unfortunates were speedily taken on board, and every attention which humanity could dictate was cheerfully afforded by Captain Snell.

On their arrival here they were taken charge of by R. D. Saldner, Esq., the Swedish Consul at this port, and furnished with clothing and other necessaries, of which they were entirely destitute when picked up. Some of them have not yet recovered from the effects of their exposure.

OUR NAVAL FORCE.

The New York Courier and Enquirer of Monday contains the following information, relative to our naval force available at the present crisis.

The United States and Mexico being at war, it follows, of course, the war will not be confined to the frontier. Our fleet in the Gulf and on the Pacific side, will undoubtedly at once commence operations. At Mazatlan, on the Pacific coast, the squadron at the latest dates consisted of the frigate Savannah, of 60 guns; the frigate Constitution, 60 guns; sloops-of-war Portsmouth and Levant of 24 each, and the schooner Shark of 12 guns. On the 23d ultimo, the frigate Raritan arrived at Vera Cruz, but went to sea the same day in company with the frigates Cumberland, Potomac, and the sloops-of-war Falmouth, under Com. Conner.

According to the same account the U. S. frigate *John Adams was the only vessel of war off Vera Cruz*, although the remainder of the squadron were doubtless in the vicinity. She can of course do nothing there alone. The fortress of Juan de Ulloa would resist a very heavy attack,—once certainly much more serious than that of the French to which it yielded a few years since. The French squadron then consisted of *three* large frigates and *four* bomb vessels: the former anchored but little further over point blank distance from the eastern face of the castle, and the bomb vessels but little further. There were mortars in the Castle, but none in use; and not more than 17 guns could be brought to bear on a single ship, and on the whole squadron only 26, some of which were carronades.

Of the 24 French wounded the Cyclops had two mortars, and in two hours she threw 180 shells. The others did their share. One of the bombs lodged in the magazine, which was blown up and about 200 men destroyed. After six hours fighting the Mexicans yielded. Since that time the fortress has been thoroughly repaired. A new water battery has been added; 32 and 42 pounders have been mounted in place of the 12's and 18's; from 12 to 20 heavy mortars have been introduced, with several Fairhan eight inch guns, and everything is in the very best condition to resist an attack.

MAP OF TEXAS.

We are indebted to the kindness of our friend Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, for the accompanying map, which will enable our readers to understand the exact position of the different places spoken of in our news from the camp.

The position of the American Army is not marked upon the map—it is immediately opposite Matamoras. The distance from the camp of General Taylor, across the Peninsula, between the Rio Grande and Point Isabel is about 30 miles.

The distances to be traversed by the earliest aid that can reach Point Isabel are as follows

From Galveston, by the outside route,	320 miles
From Galveston, by the inside route,	350 miles
From New Orleans, by the river Mississippi, and coastwise to Point Isabel,	602 miles
From New Orleans to Galveston,	482 miles
From Matamoras to the bar of the Rio Grande, by the course of the river, about	70 miles

The mouth of the Rio Grande, (ten miles south of Point Isabel) has only seven feet of water at the highest tide. In a heavy sea the navigation is very dangerous, vessels often taking four or five days to beat over the bar, and the Mexican shore commands the channel effectually. The current of this river runs at ten miles an hour in some places, and the water is fresh nearly to the bar. Gen. Taylor's supplies by this avenue would be exposed to great delay, and to the interference of the Mexicans, unless protected by armed vessels. The entrance to Point Isabel, however, is accessible to ships of large draught, at all seasons. The coast in that vicinity is lined with small islands of sand, thrown up by the sea, between which and the main land are navigable sounds or bays called Laguna. Point Isabel is a high sand bluff projecting into the Laguna del Madre, the Gulf entrance of the latter being at the south point of the Isla del Padre.

The accessible harbors along the coast of Texas are generally very poor. They are not to be depended upon for more than eight to twelve feet of water, and it may be added that they are all bounded by low coasts, with, but for the present, bad landmarks for vessels making them. As yet no lighthouses have been erected.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The question is frequently asked, who is General Taylor, in command of our army in Texas, and whence is he from? The following particulars, derived from an authentic source, will satisfy public curiosity in relation to these interesting points of inquiry

Gen. Taylor was born in Virginia, and raised in the neighborhood of Louisville, Ky. He entered the army as a lieutenant, in 1808; was a captain, and greatly distinguished himself in the defence of Fort Harrison, in the war of 1812, which post he commanded when it was attacked by a greatly superior force of British and Indians. For his gallant conduct on that occasion he was made a brevet major, being the first brevet that was conferred in that war. Gen. T. was in Florida during a part of the late Seminole war, and commanded in person in the battle of Okeechobee, on the 25th of December, 1837. His gallantry and skill on that occasion won for him the rank of brevet brigadier general.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

We need hardly trouble ourselves to say that the news from what is now the seat of war, is of thrilling interest. The tidings will spread over the land like *wildfire*.

We have endeavored to give a full and accurate account of all that has transpired both in Texas and at Washington, and in so doing have been obliged to omit the greater portion of the miscellaneous news which we had prepared for this week's paper.

LIEUTENANT PORTER.

This gentleman, whose death is announced in the news from Mexico, had been but a short time married. His wife is a daughter of Major Benjamin Lloyd Beall, who is now in command of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons, in Texas. Mrs. Beall and daughter are at Fort Washita, the late station of Major B., where they had been left by their husbands but a short time ago.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS.

The heavy rains of last week have produced a great rise of the waters in the interior of the State.

A correspondent of the Public Ledger, writing from Pottsville, says:—"From the slopes of these precipitous mountains that embosom the town, new rivers sprung forth, as if touched by the wand of the prophet; and the Schuylkill overflowed with the sudden flood. Its tributary, the Norwegian, caught the passing traveller, without sounding a note of danger, and hurled him to destruction. Those men are known to have perished in this city who might, except suddenly from the middle of one of our most frequented thoroughfares. More deaths are reported. Meantime, the waters of the Schuylkill overtopped the highest mark reached in the late extraordinary freshet in March. Lumber and manufactured timber, canal boats, shanteen and outbuildings were swept away in assorted distillas; here and there a raft of incongruous materials may be seen, where its course was arrested by some fixed obstacle, piled up in admirable confusion."

In addition to the above account of the freshet, a passenger, who arrived from Pottsville on Monday afternoon, says that the damage between Port Clinton and that place, on the public works, is very extensive.

Approaching Port Clinton, he observed several canal locks entirely submerged, the embankments of the canal washed away, and at one place a lock was carried off, leaving but one of the walls standing. The damage to the Schuylkill navigation, in his opinion, is very great.

The Susquehanna also has risen very much. The Harrisburg correspondent of the North American states that on the 11th inst. it was about twelve feet above low water mark. It seldom rises above sixteen feet.

MEDICAL CONVENTION.

At the National Medical Convention recently held in New York City the following among other resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has been shown by experience that the association of persons engaged in the same pursuit facilitates the attainment of the common object: Therefore,

Resolved, That it is expedient for the Medical Profession of the United States to institute a National Medical Association, for the protection of their interests, for the maintenance of their honor and respectability, for the advancement of their knowledge, and the extension of their usefulness.

Resolved, That a Committee of seven be appointed to report a plan of organization for such an Association, at the meeting to be held in Philadelphia on the first Wednesday in May, 1847.

Dr. J. H. Griscom, offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed by the President to consider the subject, (and if expedient the mode) of memorializing the, urging upon the several State Governments the adoption of measures for a registration of the Births, Marriages and Deaths of their several populations. Drs. J. H. Griscom, G. Emerson, Alonzo Clark, C. A. Lee, and James Stewart, of New York, constitute this Committee.

Several resolutions of thanks, acceptance of invitations, &c., &c., were then passed, and the Convention adjourned to meet in Philadelphia, on the first Wednesday in May, 1847.

THIMBLE VERSES.

We take the following advertisement from the National Intelligencer of Washington. Now, ladies, don't all of you begin losing your thimbles, for it is only one chance in ten thousand that a poet picks them up.

"Found, in Massachusetts Avenue, a LADY'S BRASS AND STEEL THIMBLE. The owner may have it again by applying to this office and proving property, *without paying for this advertisement.*"

TO THE THIMBLE.

Emblem of woman's industry and care!
What sportive chance has brought thee to my hand?
What taper finger has thy circlet span'd?
What seamless garment claims of thee repair?

Mourns not thy gentle owner in despair
The loss of thee, her ensign of command?
Far, arm'd with thee as with a magic wand,
Resistless empire is the woman's share.

Height double! thou art of no use to me,
Nor my fair cannot thee, save when reminded;
But many a child of indigence is thee
A friend to clothe his nakedness may find.

Return, again, thy owner's hand to grace,
And hold in human life thy proper place!

THE FINDER.

PRICES OF WHEAT.

We are indebted to the Boston Cultivator for the following summary of the prices of wheat in England.

From 1050 to 1700, the price of wheat ranged from 2½ pence to 5 shillings 6 pence per bushel. The average price of wheat during the war with France, 7 years, which closed in 1815, was 84 shillings and 7½ pence per quarter. According to the last accounts the average price was about 54 shillings and 6 pence per quarter. Some months ago it was 66 shillings per quarter. Previous to the rise last fall on account of the potato rot, it had not for a year varied much from 45 shillings per quarter. The quarter is 8 Imperial bushels, of 70 pounds each, which are equal to 9 bushels of 62 pounds.

Nearly all the wheat consumed in England is raised there. The importation on an average for ten years previous to 1841, was less than a million of quarters annually. In 1840 the importation amounted to nearly two millions, only *one twenty-fifth* part of which was from the United States.

MESMERISM.

The "last" case of mesmerism occurred at Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, and was that of an old goose, which was put into the magnetic slumber by a young wag of that city, in one of the public streets. The Constitutionalist states that the feathered biped responded promptly to the "passes" of the mesmerizer, and commenced a *pas seul*, which perhaps did not partake as much of the "poetry of motion" as does that of some fair bipeds of our own species. Nor was it that "very pretty motion" spoken of in a national lyric as the "wild goose motion." It was, nevertheless, a most amusing scene to a very large crowd. As long as the young gentleman kept his eye on the bird, goosey continued to dance, and only stopped when the mesmerizer turned his back. The experiment was repeated three times. The Constitutionalist adds: "Mr. C. is a highly respectable young gentleman, and solemnly protests that there is no collusion between him and the goose."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

We find the following epistle in the New York Journal of Commerce:

"Mr. ——

"A long time ago I had occasion to go in your office in W—— street. It was vacant, and your pocket book lay in the drawer exposed—the Devil prompted me, and I took it. I now return its contents to you, and may God forgive me.

"Yours, REPENTANCE.

"Albany, April 26, 1846."

The letter was mailed at Troy, and enclosed was one hundred dollars, which was stolen in May, 1840. At the time it was supposed to exceed that amount by about two dollars. No trace of the guilty person could be found. The house had been dissolved several years, and the circumstance almost forgotten; but the troubled conscience did not slumber the meanwhile, but, from the direction of the letters, seems to have kept in view the whereabouts of one member of the firm at least, intending, no doubt, to make restitution.

TONYANA.

Tony was lamenting over General Taylor's embarrassing situation—we tried to comfort him.

"I would not care now," said Tony, "if, instead of Gen. Taylor's gallant little army, there was a lot of those Congressmen and noisy politicians."

"Why—Tony!" exclaimed we.

"No I would not," cried Tony, furiously—"I'd say then, what the woman said when she saw her husband and a bear fighting together."

"What was that, Tony?"

"That it was the only fight she ever saw, in which she didn't care a button which whipped."

Tony also cannot understand why the Mexican Generals, who, up to this time, have been represented as a cowardly, foolish set of fellows, should have been changed all of a sudden into "masses of talent," "veterans and experienced officers," &c., as the papers say. It puzzles Tony.

MARRIED IN EARNEST.

Mr. Hall and Miss Lilly, the story of whose marriage in fun, has been kept before the people some two years, through their application to the New York Legislature for a divorce, which has been refused—were on Sunday evening married in earnest, in the South Pearl Baptist Church, at Albany.

EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

We would call the attention of the travelling community to the advertisement of the Eutaw House, Baltimore, which has been fitted up in a style not surpassed by any hotel in the country, and we are assured that it will be conducted in a manner that will ensure entire satisfaction.

DESERTIONS.

In reply to the resolution of Congress, in relation to deserters from the army in Texas, a message was sent to Congress last week by the President. All the information on the subject is contained in the extract from Gen. Taylor's despatch of the 6th ultimo to the War Department.

"Efforts are continually making to entice our men to desert, and, I regret to say, have met with considerable success. Four, however, have been drowned in swimming the river, and two have been killed by our pickets while attempting to desert, which has operated to check the practice. A majority of those who have deserted are old offenders."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

We learn from a correspondent of the Tribune that Capital Punishment has been abolished in Michigan. We hope now that this new measure will have a fair trial given it, that a great many people who are "on the fence" upon the subject, may be able to come to some decision.

The bill passed the House by a vote in the ratio of 3 to 2. It had already passed the Senate by a vote of 3 to 1. The vote of the House was for concurrence. In concurring, they added a non-essential amendment, which will be acquiesced in at once by the Senate. This measure was carried, as it should have been, without any reference to party distinction.

WEIGHT OF GRAINS.

The following from a St. Louis paper, shows the weight at which the several grains and other articles therein mentioned are taken:

"Wheat, pounds to bushel, 60; beans, 60; clover-seed, 60; potatoes, 60; rye, 56; corn, 56; flaxseed, 56; onions, 57; buckwheat seed, 52; salt, 50; barley, 48; castor beans, 46; hemp seed, 44; timothy seed, 45; oats, 25; bran, 20; blue grass seed, 14; dried peaches, 33; dried apples, 22; stone coal, 70."

GENERAL WORTH.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "Immediately on receipt of the news, last evening, General Worth called on the Secretary of War, and inquired whether any action had been taken on his resignation. He was replied to in the negative, when he instantly withdrew it, and volunteered to return to the camp. He will leave here to-morrow morning."

Local Intelligence.

ELOPEMENT.

About seven o'clock on Tuesday evening of last week, an exciting scene occurred in the vicinity of Sixth and Walnut streets. A lady teacher, attached to the boarding-school of Madame Segoine, was walking in that vicinity, accompanied by several of the pupils, among whom was a Miss Ward, who had been left in charge of the school about a week previous, by her father, when the young lady whose name we have mentioned, was seized by a gentleman and placed in a cab, which, probably by previous arrangement, had been placed there for the purpose. He then took his seat in the cab. Miss Ward screamed, as did the teacher under whose charge she was at the time, and their outcries brought several gentlemen to the scene. One, who was first upon the spot, opened the cab door and demanded the occasion of the disturbance, when he was informed by the gentleman it contained that the lady was his sister, and he was conveying her home. Miss Ward attempted to leave her seat for the purpose of escaping from the vehicle, when she was thrust back by the gentleman and told to take charge of her—a Mr. Throckmorton, as we have since ascertained. Seeing this, his interrogator expressed a doubt as to the propriety of his conduct, when Mr. T. raised a cane, as if to strike; but at the instant, a comrade took his seat in the cab, and closing the door, cried out to the driver to go ahead. This he did, and the vehicle dashed out Walnut street, at a rapid rate. On reaching Eighth street, it turned down, and then proceeded out Locust; after turning again several times, it was seen to stop at a house in Clinton below Eleventh street, where the lady and gentleman alighted. The lady continued to express her disapprobation of the affair, by outcries, for some distance, but she apparently had become reconciled before many squares were traversed in their rapid flight, as her screams were soon hushed. The cab containing the parties already described was followed by a chaise, in which were a number of gentlemen, who had probably been in the vicinity for the purpose of aiding their friend in his bold stroke for a bride. This vehicle followed in the wake of the first, and, after the lady and gentleman had alighted from the cab, the chaise continued its course down Eleventh street as far as the Moyamensing Prison, for the purpose of throwing the persons who had pursued them off the scent. On reaching the Prison, the chaise returned to the city, and on coming near the crowd who had followed the vehicle, one of the gentlemen alighted and attempted to make an explanation of the strange affair. He represented that the young lady was his cousin, and they were taking her home to her friends. While walking along he accidentally dropped a dirk, and perceiving that this circumstance rather induced his audience to disbelieve his account of the transaction, he leaped into the chaise again and was soon out of sight.

In the meantime, the friends of Madame Segoine and those of Mr. Ward made every possible search through the city to ascertain the whereabouts of the young lady until a late hour in the night, but without success.

The lady is scarcely sixteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. Ward, of Louisville, Ky. She had formed an attachment for C. S. Throckmorton, Esq. formerly of the U. S. Navy, which being disapproved of by her father, she was brought to this city by him and placed at school, to protect her from the pursuit of her admirer. She had previously made two attempts to elope, with him, which were foiled by the watchfulness of her father. Mr. Ward was in the city on Sunday of last week, and reposing entire confidence in the assurance of his daughter that she would remain under the care of Madame Segoine, he left for Washington, though he was aware at the time that Mr. Throckmorton had followed them to the city and from his conduct had given evidence that he did not by any means intend to relinquish the pursuit of the object of his choice.

The elopement was evidently a preconcerted affair, as far as the gentleman was concerned, though as he was prevented by the care taken in the establishment of Mrs. Segoine from having any communication with Miss Ward, she was doubtless unaware of the plot.

It would seem from the above, which we take from the Ledger, that the lady either felt or counterfeited disapprobation of the scheme—probably the latter, however, from the following, which we take from a later paper. The Hero of the Washington Square elopement is said to be a very noble young fellow; the son of the former popular proprietor of the famous Galt House, at Louisville, Ky. The heroine is a young lady of rare accomplishments, and beautiful withal. As their marriage will no doubt look pretty in print and be read with avidity, we insert it:

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Collin Shelton Throckmorton, to Miss Malvina Laura, second daughter of Robert J. Ward, Esq., all of Louisville, Ky.

FRAUDS IN FLOUR.—Some late discoveries of frauds in the packing of Flour for shipment at the port of Philadelphia, has attracted the attention of the present Grand Jury of the Quarter Sessions, and that body has found an indictment against Joseph C. Kern, a miller of Fairmount, and Mr. Kern was on Saturday held to bail by the Court for trial, in $4,000. The defendant is charged at common law with cheating. The Grand Jury have deemed this action necessary in order to maintain the correct character of Philadelphia inspections.

FINED FOR NOT ATTENDING.—A number of persons summoned as jurors for the District Court were fined thirty dollars each on Monday morning for neglecting to appear and answer to their names. A great deal of public time and money is wasted by such negligence on the part of witnesses as well as jurors, and it is to be hoped that the Courts will continue to punish those who may be guilty of it until the evil is completely removed.

ROBBERY.—Recently a gentleman was robbed on board of the New York boat, near Amboy, of his pocket book containing upwards of $100. He rescued a female who sat near him, of committing the robbery, who refused to be searched; on reaching Walnut street wharf, she managed to get out of his sight before he could procure an officer to arrest her.

RUNAWAY.—Two horses, attached to a milk wagon, were seen on Monday morning, between six and seven o'clock, to run out George street towards the Schuylkill, and on reaching the river they leaped in, and it is supposed sunk, as no traces of them were to be seen afterwards.

☞ A man was found drowned on Wednesday at Market street wharf.

MAP OF TEXAS AND PART OF MEXICO.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

HOSTILITIES COMMENCED

GEN. TAYLOR SURROUNDED.

AMERICAN DETACHMENT CAPTURED.

It will be remembered by our readers, that at the *issue* of our last number, everything wore a comparatively bright and cheerful aspect. And even when a day or so afterwards the news came in that Col. Cross, an active and efficient officer was missing from the American camp, we comforted ourselves with the thought that he had been captured by one of those prowling bands that are apt to lurk in the vicinity of an army. But the news of the last two or three days has swept like a thunder-cloud over the calm blue heaven of peace, and we await with anxious hearts the bursting of the tempest of ill omened war.

The first intelligence in order of time, is an extract which we take from the Galveston News, stating that on the 14th ult., Gen Ampudia sent a formal notice to Gen. Taylor, ordering him to leave his present position within twenty-four hours, and to evacuate the whole territory west of the Nueces, or that his refusal would be considered a declaration of war.

(We would premise here, that the country between the Nueces and the Del Norte is disputed territory.)

Gen. Taylor immediately returned for answer, that his orders were to maintain his position on the east bank of the river; and that he should do so, especially as the roads were muddy, and it was no pleasant retreating at this season. Shortly after the reception of this answer, the Mexican army partially withdrew from the town, and a portion of the troops disappeared from the west bank of the river. This movement of the enemy was quite as inexplicable to Gen. Taylor as to every body else.

But before he returned the above answer to Ampudia, he ordered the blockade of the Port at Matamoras, and directed the Commanders of the Flirt and Lawrence to enforce it strictly, which was accordingly done. A vessel, with a cargo of flour, having been waiting for some time for a fair wind to enter the port, was the first to suffer from this measure, and was compelled to leave the market where flour was then worth $40 per barrel.

The next news from the army, stated that on the 10th ult. Lieut. Porter, of the 4th Regiment, (son of the late Commodore Porter,) being out with a fatigue party of ten men, was surrounded by a party of about fifty Mexicans, (some of them wearing uniforms,) and fired upon when within a few miles of the camp. Lieut. Porter and three of his men were killed in the attack the rest of the party escaping, returned to the camp next day. It was stated that the guns of the Americans were set and would not fire. No explanation was given why this party of soldiers should be ranging the country with guns *that would not fire!*

About fifty of the American army had deserted and swam the river for the Mexican camp, but a number of Texians were shot as deserters while in the water. The whole number of American troops was estimated between two and three thousand and they were said to be in excellent discipline and eager for an engagement with the enemy. Ampudia's forces were reported at between three and four thousand.

The next intelligence from the camp brought us the unwelcome tidings of the murder of Col. Cross, he having been found about four miles from Gen. Taylor's camp, on the Rio Grande. From the wounds upon his body it seems evident that he was killed by a lance.

It was further reported that a person in Matamoras had acknowledged that he was the murderer, and had the watch and clothing of Col. Cross in his possession, and that Gen. Taylor had made a formal demand upon the Mexican commander that he should be delivered up.

The next news was brought by the schr. Cornelia, from Brazos Santiago, whence she sailed on the evening of the 24th ult. She reported that about three hours before she sailed, an express arrived from Gen. Taylor stating that the commander of the Mexican forces had made a formal declaration that if he did not move his army from the position he then occupied within thirty-six hours, that the Mexican batteries would be opened upon them.

The same express also stated that at that time a body of two thousand Mexicans had crossed the Rio Grande near Boretta—a small town near Matamoras, on the bank of the river—and taken up a position between Point Isabel and Gen. Taylor's camp. The design of this movement evidently was to cut off the American troops from their supplies, and several wagons, with provisions, had been captured.

The American Consul and merchants resident in Matamoras had been ordered by Gen. Ampudia to leave for Victoria, Tamaulipas, twenty-four hours having been allowed them to adjust their affairs. This was, it is said, a violation of the terms of treaties existing between the United States and Mexico, it having been agreed upon that in the event of war, the citizens of the two countries respectively, should not be molested in their affairs but six months be allowed to those living in seaports, and twelve months to those in the interior, to arrange for their departure.

Our army was in good health and spirits, only 175 being on the sick list.

We now come to that which may be considered the opening scene of a War—and it is with regret that we record it—for we had hoped that the day had gone by, when nations need resort to the dread arbitrament of the sword.

On the 23d, Gen. Taylor received from Gen. Ampudia, by means of a flag of truce, a communication, in very offensive terms, complaining of his having blockaded the Rio Grande; to which he replied that Gen. Ampudia had himself been the cause of the blockade, in having expressly declared that unless Gen. Taylor commenced his retreat beyond the Nueces within twenty-four hours after his die playing his flag upon the left bank of the Rio Grande he would consider war as being declared, and would act accordingly. Gen. Taylor furthermore stated that he would receive no further communications from the Mexican commander, unless couched in language more respectful towards the Government and people of the United States.

On Thursday evening, the 25th inst., Gen. Taylor received information that a body of the Mexican army had passed to the east side of the Rio Grande, at a point some 20 miles above his encampment. Early on the following morning he despatched Capts. Thornton and Hardee, of the 2d Regiment Dragoons, with a detachment of 70 men to examine the country above, and Capt Kerr, of the same regiment, with a company to examine the country below the encampment. The latter returned to camp without having made any discovery of Mexicans.

The former, however, fell in with what he considered to be a scouting party, but which proved to be the advanced guard of a very strong body of the enemy, who were posted in the chapparal,* immediately in the rear of Gen. Taylor's camp.

Captain Thornton, contrary to the advice of his Mexican guide, charged upon the guard, who retreated towards the main body, followed by Captain Thornton, when in an instant he found himself and command surrounded by the enemy, who fired upon him, killing, it is supposed, Capt. Thornton, Lieuts. Kane and Mason, and some twenty-six of the men, and taking Capt. Hardee and the remainder of the command prisoners. The Mexican commander sent into Gen. Taylor's camp a cart with a soldier badly wounded, with a message that he had two prisoners to dispose of with him, and would not, therefore, render the soldier the assistance which his situation required.

After the fight, the Mexicans on this side of the river were largely reinforced, and have surrounded General Taylor's camp, cutting off all communication with Point Isabel, at which place is the train and all other stores belonging to the army. They have thereby placed the American army in a most dangerous position, as it will be utterly impossible for Gen. Taylor, with the limited number of men now under his command, say 2,500, to force his way through the dense chapparal, in which the enemy are already strongly posted.

At Point Isabel great fears were entertained of a night attack, which, from the present exposed situation of that post, could not be otherwise than successful if conducted with energy. The post is defended by Major Monroe, with a detachment of 80 artillerists. There are also at the post about 200 armed wagoners and 50 laborers under the orders of the Quartermaster, and some 100 citizens furnished with arms by the U. S. Ordnance Officer, organized under the command of Capt. Perkins, and denominated the Fronton Guards. A company of 50 Mexican cavalry were seen on the night of the 26th within five miles of Point Isabel. They were supposed to be a corps of observation.

Gen. Taylor's position, in the rear of Matamoras, is sufficiently strong to withstand successfully an attack of the whole Mexican force, should they muster in the town, which, with the batteries already mounted, could be razed to the ground in an hour's time. Gen. Taylor has in camp full rations for fifteen days, which he thinks can be made to last thirty days, by which time he is in hopes to receive large reinforcements from Texas and Louisiana, upon each of which States he has made a requisition for the immediate equipment and transmission to Point Isabel of four full regiments of militia. It is thought by the superior officers of Gen. Taylor's Army that 20,000 men will be required within a very short period, as it is well known the Mexican army is daily receiving large reinforcements from the interior.

General Arista is in command of the Mexican forces, which he assumed on the 2d. He says he wishes to carry out the war in the European and Christian style.

General Taylor has exiled upon the Governor of Texas for forty companies of volunteers; the country to leave Galveston by steam, mounted men to rendezvous at Corpus Christi. General Taylor is said to have but ten days rations in his present position, which is a strong one, and capable of being defended against a greatly superior force. But it is feared he will be cut off from his supplies unless reinforced.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS

From the Galveston News.

The steamer Monmouth landed Mr. Catlett on the night of the 26th ult. at Port Lavaca, with despatches from Gen. Taylor, calling on Gen. Henderson for 40 companies of Riflemen, 10 men each, or of the companies to be mounted men, to rendezvous at Corpus Christi, when they will be mustered into service and supplied with provisions—the foot companies will rendezvous at Galveston, where transportation will be furnished.

Should immediate relief not be sent to Point Isabel, it will most probably fall into the hands of the enemy, with all the army's stores and the destruction of the whole army may follow.

General Taylor's works in front of Matamoras would be completed on the morning of the 28th, at which time it was expected the fire would be opened on the city. Troops should not await the call of the Governor, as it will be a week before it can reach this place, but hurry to the relief of Point Isabel, as by saving that place one act will have in our power to render the army timely assistance. Texans! you have now at last a glorious opportunity of retaliating on these perfidious Mexicans, the many injuries they have done you, and of carrying that war into the heart of their country, the many cruelties of which they have so often made you feel.

TO ARMS!—TEXANS, TO ARMS!

The United States Army under General Taylor is surrounded by the Mexican enemy on Texas soil. Gen. Taylor has called upon the Governor of Texas for 2,500 troops—let Galveston show to the world that they are always ready for the defence of their country—let them display the same spirit and alacrity that they did in 1842.

Head Quarters, Galveston Vol. Battalion, }
20th April, 1846. }

NOTICE.

The commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Company of Galveston Artillery, Volunteer Battalion, are requested to meet for consultation at ten o'clock this morning, at the Galveston

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

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Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James K. Masonic, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by James K. Masonic, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by James K. Masonic, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by

Appropriate Poem.

MAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF VON HEBLAU.

POET.

To thee, oh, May, I must complain,—
Oh, Summer, I complain to thee,—
And thee, thou flower bespangled Plain,—
And Meadow, dazzling bright to see!
To thee, oh, Cornwood, deer, oh Sun,
And thee, too, Love, my song shall be
Of all the pain my lady's scorn
Relentlessly inflicts on me.
Yet, would ye all with one consent
Lend me your aid, the subject report;
Then, for kind heaven's calm, lone, and give me back
content!

MAY, &c.

What is the wrong? Stand forth and tell us what:
Unless just cause be shown, we hear thee not.

POET.

She lets my fancy feed on blist,
But reborn, believing in her love,
I made her passion's strength to prove,
She lets me perish merciless!
Ah! woe is me, that e'er I know
How from whose love such misery doth ensue!

MAY.

I, May, will straight my flowers command,
My roses bright, and lilies white,
No more for her their charms extend.

SUMMER.

And I, bright Summer, will restrain
The bird's sweet chorus; their tuneful notes
No more shall charm her ear again.

PLAIN.

When on the Plain she doth appear,
My flowerets gay shall fade away;
Thus crossed, perchance to thee she'll more again her car.

MEAD.

And I, the Mead, will help thee, too;
Gazing on me, her fate shall be,
That my bright charms shall blind her view.

WOOD.

And I, the Greenwood, break my bowers
When the fair maid flies to my shade,
Till she to thee her amie restores.

SUN.

I, Sun, will pierce her frozen heart,
Till from the blaze of my bright rays
Vainly she flee,—then learns a gentler part

LOVE.

I, Love, will banish instantly
Whatever dear and cruel I bear,
Till she in pity turn to thee.

POET.

Alas! must all her joys thus flee?
May, rather I would joyless die,
How great so e'er my pain may be.

LOVE.

Book'st thou revenge?—saith Love—then at my nod
The paths of joy shall close, no lately trod.

POET.

Nay, then,—oh, leave her not thus shore of bliss,
Leave me to die forlorn, so here be happiness.

Our Scrap Book.

A SUMMER'S JAUNT
Across the Water.

From a very pleasant and instructive book with the above title, written by J. Jay Smith, of this city, Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, we take the following extracts. We would, however, recommend our readers to purchase the work itself, where there is much more of an equally good quality.

As a sample of the ignorance, even in Ireland, which country is sending out yearly so many emigrants, of what is going on in this new world, Mr. Smith gives the following:

I have mixed pretty freely with the classes of natives of the Emerald Isle in whom I might fairly expect an average, at least, of intelligence; on very many points, they are possessed of an amount of information creditable to their country; but I was scarcely prepared to find them ignorant of some of our prominent topics. At a dinner party, for instance, not one of the gentlemen knew of the failure of our United States Bank; it had made no impression on them if they had read of it, because Ireland has little money to lend; the capital is in the sister isle. On the top of a stage-coach a young gentleman informed us, very gravely, that he was going to America, where a friend had promised to get him a place under Van Buren! Another asked me whether there was good buffalo-spotting about Philadelphia! and a gentleman of the bar in Belfast inquired if there was any large city with us but New York!

Speaking of the proverbial cheerfulness of the lower classes of the Irish, he says

The good humor of the poor is a pleasing feature. A wag of the real Irish blood, in a rail-car, called every body he saw, to him, and cracked a joke with inimitable fun; to the first he saw on coming, "Hay, ugly fellow, what's your name?" Here he failed for the reply was out before he had done.—"The ugliest name, your honor, over you heer'd." "Well, what is it?" "Oh! more I mostly disremember it!" The second hit caused the laugh to be on our side. "Boy come fine oranges, yer honor?" "Are they good?" "Yes, yer honor." "That's right, my good fellow, always keep the best and you'll command the top of the market!" The discomfited vender laughed, and was about to depart, when the wag relented and made a pur chase.

A beggar, one of the many who beset us on stopping at Drogheda, near Dublin, bewailed the hard-some gentleman in gaudy spectacles, and the beautiful lady with such blue eyes, to pity her poverty. What she found we made no answer, "Heck!" she cried, "I'm wanting all me wind and getting nothing to take its place!" and walked off to another window. The respectable part of the community never look at or answer an appeal from a beggar; the moment they get you to answer, it's all over, and a coin only will drive them away; it is a great comfort on such occasions when the carriage or car moves you beyond earshot. We saw very few beggars from the Causeway to Drogheda; there they made an ends by a powerful array, but they all looked smiling, and seemed to think it was a joke, to judge from faces. The North, where we have been, has a preponderance of Protestants and Scotch: here and at the South, the reverse is the case, and beggary increases.

Every body knows that the English are great beer-drinkers, and Mr. Smith furnishes an account of one of the largest of their many large establishments for the manufacture of this sluggish liquor.

Barclay's brewery, celebrated the world over, is such a curiosity that I have been tempted to visit it under favor of an introduction from one of the family owning it. Though statistics are not much in my way, you shall have the benefit of the few notes I thought it worth while to make on the spot as it has been greatly enlarged latterly, perhaps they may possess novelty. The whole establishment covers fifteen acres, we saw one hundred and eighty vats, each containing from eleven hundred to three thousand barrels; they are thirty-two feet in height one, thirty-six feet across at the top, the bottom forty-three feet, had in it the enormous amount of three thousand five hundred barrels; the weight of iron in the hoops alone is seventeen tons the eight bottom ones weighing no less than one ton four hundred weight; it is large enough to drive a carriage and six horses into, it will contain four thousand barrels of imperial stout, and its liquid treasure is worth eighty thousand dollars! Father Mathew's gimlet would lessen its value. There are stables for one hundred and eighty-seven of the enormous horses employed for delivery, each horse worth three hundred dollars; one little fellow we measured, and found his height to be full eighteen hands or six feet; a steam engine finds toil employment in breaking up their food.

In one place we saw men in vats handling the hot bags, as nearly naked as savages. In one vat was one thousand three hundred and sixty baskets of malt; a copper boiler is so large that forty-five men have dined in it comfortably! it will contain four thousand two hundred barrels of beer. Here are conduits half a mile in length, rail-roads, hoppers, steam-engines, &c. enough to confuse one. Thirty tons of coal a day are consumed. The malt bins will contain sixteen hundred thousand bushels, worth two millions and a quarter of dollars; sixty great rats are kept to destroy the mice. Fifteen hundred barrels of ale are made daily; it is cooled in summer by curious refrigerators. There is even a burying-ground for the men who die, but for this there is no longer room; the space is wanted, the temperance men would say, to make room for others. The brewery was partially burnt in 1832, but precautions are now taken so that the whole can be flooded in a very short time. To look at the Thames water you would not say it was a desirable article to drink; but the people have been habituated with beer; wherever you go you see huge signs, "Truman, Hanbury and Buxton's Entire," and so of other brewers, while the beer is on every dinner table; and thereonary is allowed to servants and soldiers, whether they spend it for that purpose or not, it is so settled in the contract. The great London brewers own very many of the beer-houses, and thus insure the sale of their own liquor.

The following notice of the present head of the Penn family will be interesting to our Pennsylvania readers:

I received, the other day, a kind invitation to visit the present head of the family of the founder of Pennsylvania, and his lineal descendant, Granville John Penn, Esq., at Stoke Park, near Windsor, where I have been most hospitably entertained; as the name and family of this gentleman interests many of the descendants of our first settlers, and as we Pennsylvanians consider the name as public property, Mr. Penn, I feel assured, will not deem it an invasion of the private hearth if I tell you who constitute the present descendants of the peaceful good Quaker. Thomas Penn, who, with his brother Richard, was joint Proprietor of Pennsylvania, married Lady Juliana Fermor; his son John built the present Stoke new manor house, a superb mansion, in the Italian style, the former large dwelling, the residence of Sir Edward Coke, having been mostly pulled down. He died without issue, and the entail gave it to Granville, his brother, who died only eight months since, leaving it to the tenure of his eldest son, Granville John Penn, Esq., the present possessor, aged about forty-three; he is much interested about us in Pennsylvania, respecting which I had the honor of answering many pertinent questions. His mother and two sisters reside with him, and I met there his intelligent brother William Penn; an intermediate brother, Thomas Gordon Penn, is in orders.

The manor of Stoke consists of one thousand acres, four hundred of which is in a Park, very finely wooded, where ranges considerable game, including two hundred and fifty deer; here reigns that rural ease enjoyed by the wealthy English in so very remarkable a degree. The noble trees are venerable; every luxury of wood, lake, fine views, an excellent and large library await the fortunate guest. Windsor Castle and Forest are seen through numerous beautiful vistas from the library, drawing-rooms, extensive pleasure-grounds, and park. The collection of family pictures, historical portraits and statuary, is highly interesting. The original picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians, by West, ornaments one of the drawing-rooms.

Our tobacco-growing friends in the West and South, will be interested in the following:

The revenue derived from tobacco is enormous; we were most kindly shown through the vast structures containing the raw as well as the manufactured article; you may inspect if you please, twenty thousand casks, in warehouses covering five acres, on which, with the cigars near by, there will be a revenue of thirty millions of dollars; there are now in London thirty thousand hogsheads; it is supposed that about as much more in value, in the shape of cigars and manufactured weed, is smuggled annually. The duty on cigars is 9s. and 6d. per pound; a thousand cigars may weigh nine pounds, so that the duty on cigars of every quality is only twenty dollars per thousand; they are sometimes retailed of the best quality at eighteen cents each, or one hundred and sixty dollars the thousand; a few belonging to the estate of the Duke of Sussex, sold after his death, for two hundred dollars per thousand: smoking is quite a fashion, and the expensive pleasure has to be paid for; much very inferior tobacco is employed; thus you ascertain when riding in omnibuses, which people enter after a shocking whiff. The poor are content with a little pinch in a pipe. The plant would grow well in Ireland where it has been tried, but the revenue must be had to be expended in gewgaws for royalty, and so forth, and its culture has been prohibited!

How would our subscribers like to pay such prices as these for their newspapers?

The London Times costs fifty dollars a year. It is "taken in" at our boarding-house for an hour a day! and it serves the many English residents who get a glance by turns, and often not once a week. I was so disgusted with this paltry system, and found it so impossible to know what was going on around me, or what measure Parliament was discussing, that I ordered the Standard to be subscribed for during my stay. At the end of the week a bill comes in for sixty-two cents, while in contains less matter than many of your penny sheets. In Ireland I saw no newspapers except in the houses of the rich. The tendency of all this, with the absence of a government system of education, is most evidently seen and keeps the poor in extreme illiteracy and ignorance.

The following is an amusing account of a royal pageant:

As to the manner in which the money of this realm is spent, we had a rather striking specimen yesterday. The Queen held a drawing-room, on the occasion of her birth-day. I determined to witness the outside show. An inspection of the household troops took place at ten, at the House Guards, no discipline could be superior, the infantry being reduced to the order of machines; on such occasions a few poor people raise up platforms of suitable solidity, where you get a stand for sixpence and view the scene, enlivened by the presence of the Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert, curious which you must be prepared to become very familiar with. The band, in which I counted nearly fifty drums, was excellent, particularly in the performance of the march in Norma. The large black horses on which the guards are mounted, exceed in beauty and uniformity every thing of the kind. Leaving this pageant, we crossed with a great crowd to St James's Park, and up to Buckingham Palace, making our observations as we leisurely pursued our way, upon the people compesing the hourly increasing crowd. Whenever we had an opportunity, we entered into conversation with the best dressed or most intelligent looking. They knew where they were, certainly, but as to any knowledge of what was to take place, they were surprisingly ignorant. The newspapers are not given to telling what is to be, if they were, the crowds that would assemble would exceed all control. It had been simply announced that a drawing-room was to be held, a pageant was expected, and two hundred thousand people of the middle and lower classes assembled, not one of whom knew, as far as we could discover, from former experience or from description, at which gate the Queen would enter St. James's, so we were left to our own judgment.

By twelve o'clock, a host of greasy men and women were on the ground with old chairs, tables and boards, and had placed them along the line between the two palaces; this we thought no doubt was the place to see, we paid for seats sixpence; the sun broke out genially, and we rested; it rained in half an hour, and we huddled under an old oak; at one, great armies of policemen appeared, overthrew our seats, and consoled in pitching the whole of this paraphernalia, brought at great labor from considerable distances, over an iron railing into another walk, so we asked questions of the police, and of a guard in uniform pacing before a gate, and they told us where the Queen would enter; that we might stand close by up a lane, and there we stood; presently old chairs were stealthily brought in by more greasy people, and as I had got correct information I hired an old decrepid stool, not quite satisfied that I was not in a ludicrous position, waiting a sixpenny gape at a Queen. In twenty minutes, another body of police arrived and ordered us over the way, there was another crush of old chairs. We now took station where we saw the best looking ladies; the police backed us up to a certain line of gutter, where we were, they said, in the best position; they hemmed the crowd with kind words acting efficiently but gently. In fifteen more minutes, guns were fired, announcing that the procession was in motion, when the horse guards backed their enormous black animals against our august republican persons, amid the cries of oh! oh! from the ladies, we fell back six feet, and had to look between the horses, the way intercepted by the great boots and the trappings. The nobility soon began to pass, dressed to the extreme of possible dressing, some gentlemen with their plumes, &c. on the seats before them; the ladies looked very blooming, there must have been a mile of carriages, the gayest liveries and cocked hats, plumes, red silk, clocked stockings, and as grotesque as a Sandwich Islander could desire. Sometimes came a coach with three tellows, all over gold lace, hanging on behind by gold cords! At length the Queen came, drawn by only two great cream-colored horses, nearly resembling elephants in size. All around us remarked that she looked angry, but the view I had was so momentary as not to enable me to confirm it. The Prince appeared perfectly composed, as he had done at the inspection.

This is the way the pageant is looked upon by the people; they must be surrounded by military and police, and though allowed to see under such disadvantages, they know nothing; not one around us could name an individual of the nobility. Walking slowly away, we encountered the ludicrous coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons, slowly poking along with a great figure-head sticking out in front; the whole gilt all over, and made in the style of the day of Louis Quatorze. The poor Speaker, victimized in it, looked funny enough, and we laughed outright!! I went home and slept from very weariness of body and spirit.

We may, perhaps, give our readers a further taste of these interesting volumes in next week's paper. We had nearly forgotten, however, to say that Mr. Smith now poaches selling in London early in last May, at two dollars the dozen, strawberries at twenty cents the ounce, and black Hamburg grapes at three dollars the pound. What a fine market for American fruits, if it were only available.

Salmagundi.

PAUL JONES.

[The Charleston Mercury, of a late date, contains the following vindication of the character of Paul Jones, which has suffered as much from the prejudices which foreign paragraphists implanted in the mind of his own and succeeding generations, as his private fortunes did from the disinterested quality of his patriotism. In our own country—the land for which that gallant spirit devoted its sleepless energies—there are many who associate the memory of John Paul Jones with reckless daring, sometimes displayed in questionable enterprises.

"The fate of Paul Jones, living and dead, has been a strange and a hard one, and contains so many items of injustice as ever fell to one man's lot. Among the foremost and most devoted, he plunged into the struggle of our Revolution, and threw into the common treasury a soul as heroic, as adventurous, as exhaustless of resources as ever lived, endless labor, and money to the last dollar of his fortune. The only naval officer in the service who showed the intuitive genius of a great chief, he not only was not placed where he belonged, at the head of the navy, but was postponed in rank to a long string of men who had no reputation and never acquired any. Engaged in the most active and successful service, for several years he not only received not a dollar of pay, and no rations, but he was almost the whole time in advance to Congress for money paid out in repairing his ships and feeding his crews. From time to time he occupied himself in giving to the Navy Department his views, full of sound sense and comprehensive system, of the organization of the navy. But while time has confirmed his views and led to their adoption, it was not till the world had forgotten who was their author.

"But the most heinous wrong done to Paul Jones is found in the popular notion of his character, which seems to have been borrowed from the coarse slanders of the British press, at the time he frightened the Isles from their propriety, and put Mistress Brittania in a paroxysm of terror and rage. For half a century he existed in the popular mind as little better than a successful ruffian—a big, ferocious savage, with a diabolical eye, whose voice in battle was that of an enraged tiger, whose soul exulted in killing men, sinking ships, and burning towns. The friend, correspondent, and companion of Franklin, a ruffian! The idolized hero of the Court of Versailles, a savage! Never was there a more rascally caricature. Paul Jones was a slender man, delicately moulded and organized, handsome, courtly in manners, with a great love of refined society, and with qualities to adorn it, given to writing poetry, and as distinguished through life for his humanity as heroism; and if we consider that, excepting the lion courage and intuitive genius that God gave him, he was in all respects absolutely a self-made man, the refinement of his manners, the cultivation of his mind, his comprehensive and profound knowledge of his profession, and his power of developing his ideas in logical order and with rare clearness of expression, will seem scarcely less marvellous than the successful daring of his action. We cannot find, in all naval history a hero with higher and more various claims to admiration than John Paul Jones.

"But to the people of the United States he is something more. He is their first naval hero—he, more than any other, deserved to be honored as the founder of our navy, and the fount of its inspiration—the tutelar genius of our wooden walls. He first showed that success was possible, and so unexpected and astounding was the proof, that all Europe rang with the capture of the Serapis, as if it had been the downfall of an empire. It was, in fact, the birth of a rival to the proud Mistress of the Ocean.

HINDOO FABLE.
THE THIEF'S EXPEDIENT.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, thought upon an expedient by which he might be rescued from death. He sent for the jailor, and told him he had a secret to disclose to the King, and when he had done so he would be ready to die. The King sent to him to know what this secret was. He told him that he knew the art of producing trees that should bear gold. The King, accompanied by his prime minister, courtiers and priests, came with the thief to a certain spot, where they began their incantations. The thief then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if sown, it would produce a tree, every branch of which should bear gold: "but," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your Majesty."

The King replied—

"When I was a boy, I remember taking something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being a proper person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter said—

"I receive the taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore give it to the priest."

The priest pleaded the same as to his conduct in receiving the sacrifices.

At length the thief exclaimed—

"I know not why we should not all four be hanged, since not one of us is honest."

The King was so pleased at the ingenuity of the thief that he granted him a pardon.

THE GAME OF THIMBLES.—Who has not heard of the game of thimbles? For the edification of those who have been so unfortunate as never to have seen it, we will succinctly describe it.

The sporting gentleman produces three common sewing thimbles and a small ball, and placing upon his knee or some smooth surface, commences operations by rolling the little ball by his third finger under each of the thimbles, which are in a row, lifting first one and then another, as the ball approaches it with his thumb and forefinger, and pressing it along from one to the other. When all is ripe he suffers the ball to stop, half disclosing, half concealing its resting place. Hands are then lifted and the easy dupes make their bets as to the identical thimble under which the ball may be found. The strength of the game lies in the legerdemain by which the gamester removes the ball and places it under any thimble he may choose after the bet is made. Thousands of dollars have been lost at this game.

Spirited Poem.

ARKANSAS SONG.

The following fine poem is from the Chevalier Advocate. It seems that our Indian brethren "can do some things as well as others."

There's a beautiful land, 'tis a Western track,
And they call it by name "The Rack in each!"
'Tis a world in itself, which we will back,
'Gainst the rest of the world, "The Rack in each!"

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the land called "The Rack in each!"
There are streams and fields, are, deep and wide,
Where dear Nature smiles in wealth and pride,
And the men are true, like their silver creek,
They are not in sum, in "The Rack in-each."

There's health in each breeze, and sweeter than art,
The mocking-bird mingles his hymn with the heart,
And the stranger nor welcome nor shelter will lack,
In the green sunny glens of old "Rack in each."

O'er her broad sunny plains a thousand wild flowers
Their sweet incense yield, in sun shine and showers,
But the brightest, best gems our hearts call back,
Are the maidens' dark eyes in "The Rack in-each."

Should war's thrilling notes peal wild with alarms,
You'll find the old sire with the youth in arms;
And when they fall, each will die in his track,
Lain sons of the Free, in old "Rack in each."

Here's a health to her sons! The' dwelling apart,
If our brethren in blood, we're brothers in heart;
'Twere treason to doubt them—they never back—
Then hurrah for the land called "The Rack in each!"

"In the West and South west, Arkansas is prais'd
Rack-in-each."

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

As we are now in the midst of the time of Flowers, a lady of our acquaintance, well skilled in their sweet ways, has volunteered to take charge of this department of our paper, and see that our Flower Vase is always kept fresh and full, of the fairest and richest belonging to the season.

TULIPS, Rad. *A Declaration of Love.*
Thou—thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit swim musing week, heart-sick with thought

TULIP, Yellow. *Hopeless Love.*
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show
And silent ache for woe.

I know thou doomest me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, ah, Eliza, hear my prayer,—
For pity's sake forgive me!

Successful love may sometimes well
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling, save the one, decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour.

Tulipa, an acknowledged barbarous name, said to be of Persian origin, and to signify *a turban*. Nor is this article of dress, in a Persian of rank, unlike the swelling form of a *tulip*.

It is supposed to have been brought from Persia to the Levant. So late as the year 1554, the Turks charged a high price for these flowers, which would not have been the case had the tulip been then spontaneously in that country. Pliny makes no mention of the tulip, which is corroborative of this inference.

Skinner gives the same etymology as the above, and says that the *tulip* is the "lily of Solomon."

The method of making a *tulip* variegated, or striped with divers colors, is by transplanting from a rich soil to one meagre and sandy. The plant is weakened when this effect is produced, and loses almost half its height.

The *tulip* has always been considered the *rival of the rose*, displaying a more gorgeous and varied tinting of colors, to balance the superior fragrance of its competer. The *Turks* regard this flower with so much favor, that in addition to their "*Feast of Roses*," their "*Feast of Tulips*" is celebrated annually in the Grand Seignor's gardens, with a magnificence of splendor and pomp, that can only be compared to the fairy scenes of the Arabian Night's Tales.

The tulip is made the emblem by which an oriental lover makes a *declaration of love*—presenting the idea, that like that flower, he has a countenance all on fire, and a heart reduced to a coal.

"Whose leaves, with their ruby glow,
Hide the heart that lies burning and black below."

NARCISSUS. *Egotism and Self-Love.*
Nor know, fond youth! it was himself he loved.

And he, the light and vain one, for him there never waken That love, for which a woman's heart will beat until it breaks.

Narcissus, a name adopted from the poets, who have fabled that the flower which bears it, originated in the transformation of a beautiful youth, who pined away with admiration of his own image in a fountain. Some have derived it from a Greek word, NARKE, *stupor*—alluding to the effect of the too powerful odor of the flower; which, in some instances, produces head-ache, and a partial loss of recollection.

The name of the youth might aptly apply to the stupidity of his passion, in slighting the fair Echo, in favor of his own shadow: as, also, to the flower, with its reputed narcotic properties, before Ovid elegantly combined them.

The Poetic Narcissus, *N. Poeticus*, is the largest of the white kinds; and known, from all others, by the crimson border of its very shallow, and almost flat, cup of the nectary. The double variety is most frequent in gardens: sometimes, there are two flowers in a sheath.

Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still.
For him the sister nymphs prepare his urn,
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

GILLY FLOWER. *Bonds of Affection.*
Oh! the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

The Gilly-flower is a native of the sea-coast in France and Spain. Cultivation has produced numerous varieties; the principal ones are *Queen's stock gilly flower*, with bright red, or carmine colored flowers, and the *Brompton stock*, with large purple flowers, and the *white stock*: there are also other varieties, as the variegated *stock*, etc.

The root perennial, sometimes biennial. *Stem*, from fifteen to eighteen inches high, branched, hoary. *Leaves*, scattered, long, soft, clothed with a short down. *Flowers*, sweet scented, four petaled, cruciform; *petals* roundish, longer than the calyx, claws, length of the calyx. The *calyx* a four-leaved *perianth*.

The stock Gilly flower, and Wall-flower, are of the same genus.

And lavish *stock*, that scents the garden round.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. *Delicacy.*
Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek, she pined in thought.

There are many of the species indigenous in North America. Flowers generally white, or variegated with green. A variety from Japan has violet colored flowers.

This exquisitely beautiful monopetalous flower is modestly concealed in the broad, bright green leaves, which surround its delicate bell.

The name of *Lily* has been improperly applied to it, as it has not the least affinity with the lily, either in its root, fruit, or flower, perhaps, from the purity of its white corolla, as the idea of *chastity* and purity is attached to the very name of lily.

Agricultural.

THE COLOR OF HORSES.

Messrs. Editors—There is no one fact that mankind are more ignorant of than this—that the color of the horse is a sure indication of his character. In this article I shall attempt to give a few rules by which a man of common observation can tell the disposition of a horse as soon as he sees him. The first thing to be observed is, the color of the animal; the second is the phrenological developments. If his color is a light sorrel, or a chesnut sorrel, his feet, legs and face white, these are marks of kindness. Then if he is broad and full between the eyes, I will warrant him to be a horse of good sense, and easily trained to anything. Such horses will have good treatment: the kinder you treat them the better they will treat you in return. A horse of the above description will never stand the whip if he is well fed.

One thing to be always observed in buying a horse, if you want a gentle one, is to get one with more or less white about him—the more the better. A spotted one is preferable. We see many horses of this color used in circuses. Some have supposed that this color was sought for by the owners of these establishments because of its oddity; it is not so; it is because horses of this description are the easiest trained to perform the difficult feats that we see them go through at such places.

Again, if you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish faced, he may be gentle—that is, he may not scare—but he may have too much of the go-ahead in him to be safe for every body.

If you want a perfect fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay, with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dished, so much the worse. Boys, nor men that have not got good use of themselves, should never have anything to do with a horse of this kind; they are always tricky and unsafe.

I have been deprived of the use of my limbs for twenty-seven years; in this time I have travelled over a large portion of the western country by land, in my one horse buggy. In using the kind of horses that I have first described, I have invariably found them kind and gentle to manage. But in using the deep bays, I have suffered enough by their treachery to kill forty men.—*Prairie Farmer.*

POTATO CULTURE.

Wm. R. Latta, of Virginia, informs us that he has tried the plan of cutting potatoes in the middle and planting the two ends separately. The result has been that the sprout or point end has produced most, but the stem end has given potatoes of the best size, and far superior for table use. Mr. L. also states that he has tried the plan of thinning potatoes. He took a part of a field of potatoes and thinned alternate rows. The number of stalks to the hill was from ten to twelve, and they were thinned to four or five. The effect was to lessen the yield in the rows that were thinned, but the potatoes were of better size and quality.—*Boston Cultivator.*

WALNUT TREES AND THEIR EFFECTS.

Among the items noticed at the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the 11th ult., was the following: The Baron d'Hombres-Hirmas, a corresponding member of the Academy, informs it that he has made experiments to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the reputed prejudicial effect of the proximity of the walnut tree to man and vegetation. He states that if a man remains long near this tree, he becomes affected with headache and nausea; and that if corn be sown near it, it becomes much less productive than it would be if equally close to a tree of any other kind. He attributes this to a peculiar emanation from the walnut tree. These are singular facts, if true, but as we have lived all summer within fifteen feet of a walnut tree, and never experienced the headache once in that time from that or any other cause, and have, besides, seen corn and cabbage growing very finely directly by its side, and a fine bearing grape vine running up its trunk; we are a little skeptical in regard to the effects above stated.

SMALL FARMS.

It is a truth, indisputable, that when a farmer undertakes to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly, much of his labor is lost, and he is subject to disappointment. No person will deny that one acre well manured and properly cultivated, will produce more than two acres of unmanured land, poorly tilled. The same will hold good with reference to the greatest amount of land. A farm of one hundred acres, well managed, will produce more than most American farms of five hundred acres, and much less labor will answer. The only system that will save this country from ultimate starvation is, to undertake no more than can be well done. If the tillers of the soil will, through false philosophy, and overweening covetousness, waste their substance by extending their borders to imagination's utmost stretch, and cannot be brought to a pause in order to study their own as well as their country's interest, grim-visaged want will one long teach them true wisdom; but, *it may be too late* for their personal profit. Agriculture is a holy and noble science, and should be appreciated.—*Naturalist.*

MORE FACTS RESPECTING THE POTATO ROT.

It is stated in a New York paper that Mr. T. C. Peters, of Darien, lost by rot, something like one thousand bushels of potatoes, the past season; and he observed the important fact, that a field of potatoes, whose stems and leaves were evidently affected with the blight, had its tubors preserved from all injury by the action of the frosts that killed the potato tops dead. This crop grew on a low piece of ground, and subject to frost. Another field, hard by, similarly affected, escaped the frost, and most of the potatoes rotted in the hill. His early potatoes all escaped the malady.

Another fact—Mr. Pearce, of Hamburg, Erie co., N. Y. who is an excellent and observing farmer, saw that his potato vines were affected, and pulled several hills to examine the roots. They were sound, and were left separated from the stems or tops. By this separation three hills escaped the rot, while the potatoes in all the adjoining hills were rotten at the time of harvest.

Those facts go to corroborate the inference which our correspondent, Mr. Cantield, drew from the remarkable fact communicated by him, in our paper of February 15, namely—that the disease commences in the tops, and descends from thence to the roots; and also, that when the disease is apprehended, mowing off its tops may prevent its spread to the roots.

Another—A writer in the Ohio repository states, that in planting about one hundred hills of potatoes, last summer, in his garden, after depositing the potatoes, he strewed, previous to covering, over each hill, composing about one half the bed, a shovel-full of stone-coal ashes, over the remainder he strewed about the same quantity of good stable manure. The result was, that those dressed with the stone-coal ashes were larger, turned out more to the hill, and never in the least became affected with the rot, so generally complained of; whereas, those dressed with manure simply, became very much affected by the disease, though the soil and culture were the same in other respects. This, he supposes, was owing to the lentetical effects of the lime, of which the ashes are in part composed. It is possible, however, that the injurious effects of the manure was the cause of the disease in the other case. From what has been published, however, it appears quite probable that the application of lime and ashes, (either or both) will lessen or entirely prevent the malady.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

The following is an extract of a letter from Professor Liebig to Walter Crum, of Thornliebank, dated Giessen, 5th November, 1845.

"The researches I have undertaken upon the sound and diseased potatoes of the present year have disclosed to me the remarkable fact, that they contain in the sap a considerable quantity of vegetable casin (cheese) precipitable by acids. This constituent I did not observe in my previous researches. It thus appears, that from the influence of the weather, or, generally speaking, from atmospheric causes, a part of the albumen which prevails in the potato, has become converted into vegetable casin. The great instability of this latter substance is well known—hence the facility with which the potato containing it undergoes putrefaction. Any injury to health from the use of these potatoes is out of the question; and no where in Germany has such an effect been observed. In the diseased potato no solanin can be discovered. It may be of some use to call attention to the fact that diseased potatoes may easily, at a little expense, be preserved for a length of time, and afterwards employed in various ways, by cutting them into slices of about a quarter of an inch, and immersing them in water containing from two to three per cent. of sulphuric acid. After twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the acid liquor may be drawn off, and all remains of it washed away by steeping in successive portions of fresh water. Treated in this manner, the potatoes are easily dried. The pieces are white, and of little weight, and can be ground to flour, and baked into bread along with the flour of wheat. I think it probable that the diseased potatoes, after being sliced and kept for some time in contact with weak sulphuric acid, so as to be penetrated by the acid, may be preserved in that state in pits. But further experiments are necessary to determine this. It is certain, however, that the dilute sulphuric acid stops the progress of putrefaction."—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Instructor.

FIRES.

Why are coke and charcoal fires free from smoke?

Because the moisture has been previously dispated; this moisture producing the smoke of coal fires.

Why does too much coal on a fire cause the chimney to smoke?

Because when the heat begins to operate on the coal, gas is extricated; this gas carrying some of the grosser particles along with it, a heavy smoke is thrown out, which will not rise in the chimney, but by its own gravity is forced back into the room; on which the warm air of the apartment being lighter than what comes in, instantly ascends towards the ceiling, and the lower part becomes cool. But if a portion of the fuel is taken off, then the small quantity of active caloric, or heat, acts with greater force on the unconsumed coal, brings out its latent or inactive heat more rapidly, and thereby producing a quicker decomposition of the gases, by the increasing combustion, the smoke becomes thinner and lighter, and though it carries up certainly more caloric with it proportionally than before, yet the quantity of radiant heat is greater, and the temperature of the apartment is more equalized.

Why do some chimneys smoke?

Because the wind is too much let in at the mouth of the shaft, or the smoke is stifled below; or there is too little room in the vent, particularly where several open into the same funnel. The situation of the house may likewise affect them, especially if backed by higher buildings.

Why is a common coal fire often extinguished long before the fuel is all expended?

Because the fire or flame *left to itself* is so small that it does not produce heat enough to maintain the inflaming temperature of the substance; and the remnants are not gathered together to reduce the surface of wasteful radiation.—*Arnott.*

Why does water thrown on a brisk and flaming fire apparently increase the combustion?

Because the water is converted into steam, which expanding and mixing with the flame, causes it to spread out into a much larger volume than it otherwise would have occupied.—*Arnott.*

Why does sunshine extinguish a fire?

Because the rays engage the oxygen which had hitherto supported the fire.

Why does a fire burn briskly and clearly in cold weather?

Because the air being more dense, affords more nourishment to the fire.

Why is it unuseful to wet small coal?

Because the moisture, in being evaporated, carries off with it, as latent, and therefore useless, a considerable proportion of what the combustion produces. It is a very common prejudice, that the wetting of coal, by making it last longer, effects a great saving; but, in truth, it restrains the combustion, and for a time makes a bad fire; it also wastes the heat.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 9, 1, 3, 17, 5, 13, 2, is a Settlement in Oregon.
My 17, 18, 7, 15, 11, is a River in Missouri.
My 18, 4, 16, 9, 5, 13, 17, 5, is a Lake in the United States.
My 6, 17, 19, 9, 5, is a Strait in the English Channel.
My 3, 5, 9, 12, 19, is a River in England.
My 18, 11, 13, 12, 11, is a River in France.
My 16, 7, 5, 13, 1, is a City in France.
My 10, 13, 11, 12, 19, 2, is a City in Austria.
My 2, 5, 2, 15, 4, 7, 8, is a River in Brazil.
My 15, 5, 9, 11, 14, 9, is a County in Mississippi.
My 10, 13, 5, 15, 13, 10, 13, 2, is one of the United States.
My 16, 2, 5, 7, 14, 2, is a River in South America.
My whole is the name of a weekly paper published in Philadelphia, which ought to be found in every family. J. C.

Natchez, Miss., 20th Feb., 1846.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 13, 15, is a species of dancing.
My 15, 13, 15, is used in travelling.
My 9, 13, 15, 4, 11, is a ferocious animal.
My 7, 5, 14, 2, 9, is a small insect.
My 9, 2, 9, 10, 11, is one of the elements.
My 6, 11, 4, 14, is a small bird.
My 13, 14, 12, is used in writing.
My 5, 14, 2, 12, 4, is the name of a reptile.
My 8, 2, 6, is what we should always obey.
My 15, 11, 7, 13, 14, is produced by the earth.
My 5, 9, 7, 11, is a luminary.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, is the title of a ruler.
My whole is the name of a student of Augusta College, whose initials are. I. W. K.

ENIGMA.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is—a bed of lead.
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all on fire,
I rent out my joy, and in transport expire.

ENIGMA.

My *first* proclaims my whole is near,
My *second* fills the soul with fear;
My *whole* "mal homing" needs is found,
And sore and deadly is his wound.

CONUNDRUMS.

What do we do, when to increase the effect, we diminish the cause?

Which letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old woman?

Why is a dog biting his tail, like a good economist?

Beautiful Poem.

LOVE.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

There is a love that softly throws
Its shadow o'er the lover's soul,
That in the bosom mildly glows,
And yields to reason's wise control.

There is a love that seeks to twine,
A garland 'round the spirit's brow,—
That kneels at passion's sacred shrine,
And breathes a prayer and makes a vow

There is a hopeless love that speaks,